

COLLIER'S

For January 24, 1903

Containing "The President and the South," by Walter Wellman, and the latest Photographs from Panama and the Scene of War in Venezuela

In the days of the Venetian Republic, there was no more popular or universally used institution than the so-called Lion's Mouth. The Lion's Mouth was the ballot box of the people. The humblest gondolier of the canal as well as the proudest grandee of the realm was wont to climb the Giant's Staircase, and deposit slips of paper, stating his grievances or his desires, in the distended jaws of a lion's head sculptured in marble and affixed to the outer wall of the Doge's Palace in Venice.

The Story of The Lion's Mouth

THE old Venetian idea has been adapted by COLLIER'S to modern American conditions, and in THE LION'S MOUTH it invites criticisms of its contents and also suggestions from every one of its readers. In fact, COLLIER'S seeks the criticism and helpful thought of all interested in modern journalism, to the end that it may become even more emphatically the world's foremost illustrated paper. Prizes of value, told of in this issue, are offered for the best answers to definite questions.

FIFTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL STATEMENT
OF THE
New-York Life Insurance Co.

JOHN A. McCALL, President

346 & 348 Broadway, New York City

JANUARY 1, 1903

ASSETS

(Company does not invest in or loan upon stocks of any kind.)

United States, State, City, County and other Bonds (cost value, \$218,423,051), market value, December 31, 1902	\$225,039,295
Bonds and Mortgages (505 first liens)	26,125,318
Deposits in Trust Companies and Banks, at interest	22,622,058
Loans to Policy-holders on their Policies as security (legal val. thereof, \$35,000,000)	22,093,674
Real Estate (26 pieces, including 12 office buildings, valued at \$10,990,000)	12,880,000
Loans on Bonds (market value, \$5,949,420)	4,104,000
Quarterly and Semi-Annual Premiums not yet due, reserve charged in Liabilities	3,147,027
Premium Notes on Policies in force (Legal Reserve to secure same, \$4,300,000)	2,664,476
Premiums in transit, reserve charged in Liabilities	2,294,277
Interest and Rents accrued	1,870,775

Total Assets (per Certificate of New York Ins. Dept.) **\$322,840,900**

INCOME, 1902

New Premiums (Annuities, \$1,712,429)	\$15,588,022
Renewal Premiums	49,461,923
Interest, etc. (Trust Fund, \$463,831)	14,058,456

Total Income **\$79,108,401**

INSURANCE ACCOUNT

Paid-for Insurances in Force, December 31, 1901	Number	Amount
New Paid-for Insurances, 1902	599,818	\$1,365,369,299
Old Insurances Revived, etc.	155,440	302,798,229
Totals	1,444	2,897,000
Total Terminated in 1902	756,702	\$1,671,064,528
Paid-for Insurances in Force, December 31, 1902	52,135	117,436,502
Gain in 1902	704,567	\$1,553,628,026
	104,749	\$188,258,727

Certificate of Superintendent of State of New York

INSURANCE DEPARTMENT

Albany, January 3, 1903.

I, FRANCIS HENDRICKS, Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York, do hereby certify that the **New-York Life Insurance Company**, of the City of New York, in the State of New York, a Mutual Life Insurance Company, having no capital stock, is duly authorized to transact the business of Life Insurance in this State.

I further certify that, in accordance with the provisions of Section eighty-four of the insurance law of the State of New York, I have caused the Policy obligations of the said Company, outstanding and paid for on the 31st day of December, 1902, to be valued on the following basis: Policies known as the Company's three per cent. Policies, and all Policies issued since December 31, 1900, being valued as per the American Experience Table of Mortality with three per cent. interest, and all other Policies being valued as per the Combined Experience Table of Mortality with four per cent. interest; and I hereby certify the result to be as follows:

Net Reserve Value of Policies	\$250,008,234.00
" " " " Additions	3,332,529.00
" " " " Annuities	15,248,311.00
Total	\$268,589,074.00
Less Net Reserve Value of Policies re-insured	244,654.00
Total Net Reserve Values	\$268,344,420.00
	\$322,840,900.03
Reserve Values of Policies as calculated by this Department	\$268,344,420.00
General Liabilities	4,462,361.17
Additional Reserve on Policies which the Company values on a higher basis than that used by the Department, as above stated	\$5,397,325.00
Reserve to provide dividends payable to policy-holders in 1903 and in subsequent years	34,125,078.86
Reserves to provide for all other contingencies	10,511,715.00
Total Additional Reserves	50,034,118.86
Total	\$322,840,900.03

In witness whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and caused my official seal to be affixed at the City of Albany, the day and year first above written.

FRANCIS HENDRICKS, Superintendent of Insurance.



The Story of "The Lion's Mouth"

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HIS IS THE STORY of the Lion's Mouth. It is a true story, and in many respects a funny story. It has never been told before—at least the story of the *modern* Lion's Mouth has never been told before, and, although everybody seems to be familiar with it, we have not been able to find where any one has ever told the story of the *old* original Lion's Mouth. We know—and so do you—that a long time ago, when the Venetian palaces were painted red, blue and pink and the walls of the city looked like a marked-down sale of oilcloth in a department store, there existed in Venice a sort of a post-office box that was known as the Lion's Mouth. Lord Byron knew about it, but he is very careful in his references to it—perhaps because there are very few words that rhyme with mouth. Fenimore Cooper was aware of the existence of such a thing, because, in "The Bravo," he refers to certain occurrences as possibly having their inception from a note dropped into the Lion's Mouth. He does not commit himself any further. Mark Twain in his "Innocents Abroad" has a few words to say about the leonine maw, but, as usual, he is not definite. He does not even make a joke about it; and anything that Mark Twain won't joke about must be more or less indefinite—to him at least. But all this is more or less aside and introductory. It bears only indirectly upon the real story of the Lion's Mouth.

This is the Story

It all happened some months ago. It was at the time when it occurred to us that a good weekly paper could be made much better if all the people who were interested in it could have a voice in its make-up, instead of leaving that make-up to a restricted number of brains.

But how carry this out? That was the problem. That was where the Brains, Ltd., got together to elaborate a plan by which the Brains, unlimited, could be afforded an opportunity to cerebrate. It is usually the other way. The Brains, Ltd., generally try to keep the other fellows asleep. We wanted to wake them up. That is how we happened to devise this scheme. We saw that it was a question of vote. But we have all of us been voters for some years; yet we have not always voted. We realized that the thing to do was, what political leaders find so difficult an accomplishment,—to bring out the vote. Easy, again. Offer an inducement to bring out the vote! So we decided to offer money prizes for the best ideas submitted.

The then problem arose as to how the questions should be asked and to whom the replies should be sent. We could see at once that a plan so comprehensive as this must have an individuality that would command attention. It must almost have a personality. It must be suggestive of a force and of a definite purpose. It must have a name. Here is where the Brains, Ltd., had a powerful period of cerebration; but, at last, it was suggested that the department be called the *Lion's Mouth*. There were a lot of other suggestions before it, but this was by all means the best. We knew this the minute we heard the words. They conveyed a meaning. They held a significance. They embodied an idea.

We all knew the story of the Lion's Mouth, although none of us knew exactly when we had heard it or read of it. Those of us who had been to Venice remembered distinctly having seen the original Lion's Mouth, with its fierce frown and yawning lips. In talking it over we could recall exactly how it looked—a Byzantine head in low relief, with big bulging eyes,—in fact, we could almost see the sculpture, so vivid was our recol-

lection of it. There it was, on the wall-side, under the loggia at the top of the Giant's Staircase of the Doge's Palace. We were sure of it. The first thought, of course, after determining upon "The Lion's Mouth" as the name of the new scheme, was to get a photograph of the original Venetian head to reproduce with our announcement to our readers.

The photographers all knew about the Lion's Mouth—that is, they had heard of it at some remote period—but they did not have any photograph of it. Of course, photographs of it could be had, for it was a famous historical feature. They had seen photographs of it many times, but, alas, there were none now in stock, and would not the lion of St. Mark's do?

The Search for a Picture

We quietly anathematized the guild of photographers and summoned several of our artist friends to whom we suggested that we should like to have sketches of the Lion's Mouth in Venice. They all knew about it, too; some of them had actually seen it, and they all smiled with an easy confidence and set forth rejoicing.

But, one by one, they returned empty handed. They had visited all the print shops in town; they had pored over art works, architectural books, books of travel histories of Venice; they had pestered collectors and searched through the city's libraries. It was really wonderful how everybody remembered the Lion's Mouth, but nobody could remember where he had learned about it or where there was a picture of it. The artists were in despair. So were we.

We were about to cable to Venice for a photograph, when some one suggested that Mr. William Dean Howells had at one time been United States Consul at Venice, and that he no doubt had pictures of the Lion's Mouth or would know in what book such a picture could be found.

We therefore called upon Mr. Howells. He was at once very much interested in our purpose. He had lived in Venice for several years; many times had he paced up and down within the shade of the loggia of the Doge's Palace, passing again and again the frowning, open-mouthed leonine head of which we sought a picture. Yes, he had seen it many, many times.

He was sure he had a picture of the head; he must have, somewhere among his books. He graciously volunteered to find the print, and he pulled down half a dozen works on Venetian art. No Lion's Mouth,—plenty of other lions, but not the letter-box lion. The search was pursued. Mr. Howells ransacked his library,—there was not a book on his shelves that could have contained even a lion's tooth, that was not opened and thoroughly examined. The dean of American literature looked puzzled; he shook his head regretfully and said he had no suggestions to make, and we were forced to depart empty-handed again.

We Call on Mr. Smith

Then it occurred to us that there was another American writer and artist who had been much in Venice—one of our contributors, too, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith. It is alleged that Mr. Smith has painted Venice so much, that if all his work were put edge to edge it would make a complete map of the city and all its suburbs. And so we sought out Mr. Smith.

He is a jovial and cheery person to meet. He radiates good nature. He is full of laughter. Like all the others, he had heard of the Lion's Mouth, and he admitted at once that he knew all about it.

"My dear sir," exclaimed Mr. Smith, looking straight at us with great gravity, "there is no such thing as the Lion's Mouth."

If the artist had said that there was no such thing as Niagara Falls, he could not have aroused any quicker suspicion of his sanity. We knew there was a Lion's Mouth, because we had seen it, and Mr. Howells had seen it, and many other people had seen it. We suggested this to Mr. Smith. He replied:

"I know. There are a lot of people who think things. The imagination is a wonderful quality. But as a matter of fact, this Lion's Mouth is purely imaginary. There is not any. I was in Venice three weeks ago—just got home the other day. I was sketching around the Palace, and I saw the thing they call the Lion's Mouth. It is a slit in the wall, blackened with age and dirt, about the size of an ordinary letter slot in a modern doorway. In the good old days of the Doges there may have been a stucco head plastered over this orifice, or the term Lion's Mouth may have been purely allegorical—but no one living to-day ever saw any Lion's

Mouth in Venice. The name is that of an institution, not of an actuality."

"But Mr. Howells said—"

"Oh, yes," laughed Mr. Smith, "so have lots of others, so did you. But I assure you there is nothing more than a bare wall and a black slot. You don't want a picture of that, do you?"

And so we were convinced; and as we pondered, we felt that, after all, perhaps we were not so sure of having seen that Byzantine bass-relief. The more we thought about it the more hazy did our recollection become. The fierce eyes and jaws faded away like the Cheshire Cat's grin, until there was nothing left but a slit in the wall.

From a pictorial point of view, however, this would never do. We must have a picture of the Lion's Mouth, even if we had to invent it. So we sought our artist and told him our troubles, and he, being versatile, said that he could draw a lion's head that would be just exactly like what the Lion's Head would have been if the Venetians had ever had any Lion's Head over that slot. We could not ask for more than that.

Mr. Smith said that there was no such thing

Our next step was to lay out the plan of the competitions. It is not possible to go into the particulars and the details of these within the space of this article. All this may be found in a beautiful little booklet of forty-eight pages that has been issued by the *LION'S MOUTH*. The awards in the competitions are cumulative—that is, if you win one prize, you are likely by

that very success to win two or three additional premiums. You get rewarded for being a prize winner. There are no restrictions to these competitions. There is no coupon to cut out or paper to buy or fee to pay."

When we said that there is no coupon attachment to our offer, we overlooked the fact that there is a little coupon system connected with it, but it is of a kind so different from the usual coupon that it may well be taken in a class by itself. It is this: We will send you a bunch of coupons that you may give to your friends. You place your name upon every one of the coupons, so that when these are sent in to us with the request for a sample copy and a booklet, we know who gave out the coupon. Then, if any of these friends of yours enter the competitions and win a prize, we send you the same prize as a reward for your interest in calling other people's attention to the *LION'S MOUTH*. That is easy for you, isn't it? You can't lose. If you have a lot of intelligent friends you may build up a good income while they do the work. Try it.

Then if you win a prize yourself you have one foot on the first rung of the \$1,000 ladder. You have a good chance too of getting a check for \$40 the next month; because, if you then only succeed in securing the twentieth prize on the list, you have fulfilled the condition of getting your name among the winners for two successive occasions. Try that too.

Thousands of Dollars to be Won

Moreover—if you get your name on the prize-list twice, at any time, you get money for that, too—\$25. Or, if you are clever enough to do it six times, you receive \$200. This is better, isn't it? But best of all is the combination that pays you \$1,000 for getting your name on every list of prize winners during the year.

And, just think, if you happen to give a coupon to any one who wins the thousand dollar prize, or any of the others, all you have to do is to open an envelope some fine morning and deposit the check in the bank, or buy an automobile or a flying machine or a submarine boat, or any other cheerful twentieth century novelty that may appeal to you. It's easy. Try it.

The questions to be answered may be found on page nineteen of this number.



THE PRESIDENTS of the coal railways have taken pains to explain that they are not to blame for the coal famine which has wrought such distress, and though there has been some disposition to doubt their good faith, we believe they have really done their best to place a sufficient supply of hard coal on the market. But the situation shows how wrong-headed and near-sighted they were last summer and fall, and how grave was the situation when the President interfered. If the strike had been prolonged for a month, as it would have been if the operators had not been compelled to bow to public opinion, the scarcity of coal, instead of severely pinching the poor and wrenching the patience of the well-to-do, would have caused by this time profound and general misery. As it is, it has been bad enough. In some cities coal has not been obtainable at any price. The municipal authorities everywhere have been at their wits' end to provide means of relieving the sufferings of the poor. Considering the damage to public welfare, the hardship and sickness that have resulted from the scarcity of coal, will any one now dare to say that the public had no right to interfere in the strike and that the President exceeded his authority when he compelled the operators to arbitrate? If the right of the public to prevent this infliction is not superior to the right of a property owner to do what he wills with his own, then the public has no right to stop railway trains and burn down buildings during epidemics, to regulate the sale of poisons, to enforce fire laws or to do any of the other interfering things it does for the protection of life and comfort. We look forward to the time when the moral right to prevent the calamities arising from reckless battles between the owners of public necessities and their employés will be reflected in a legal right and a legal duty for the authorities. A word must be said in this connection about the "independent" coal operators. We were invited to weep for these poor men when their "business was interfered with," and if we withheld our sympathy it was because we suspected that they would do pretty well by themselves before the winter was over. Those who wept might well have saved their tears for their own sorrows. As soon as the independent coal operators found there was to be a scarcity of coal they proceeded to gouge the public in the most scientific manner. They even organized for the purpose, nay, they treated sacrilegiously that most sacred indenture—a contract with a railway—and broke their signed promise with as little reluctance as if they had been members of the coal miners' union. We do not blame them. They are not in business for their own or the public's health. But we will beg them not to ask for our sympathy again when they are in trouble with Mr. Mitchell and his merry men.

**THE COAL
FAMINE**

THE COAL
FAMINE

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ONE RESULT OF THE COAL FAMINE has been the passage of a bill by the House of Representatives suspending the duty on all coal for one year. It may not have any great immediate effect, but ultimately it will relieve the situation to some extent. The duty on hard coal never should have been imposed. It was insinuated into the tariff bill in a form intended to deceive moderate protectionists and there it has stayed, resisting all attempts to remove it until the present crisis warned the Republican leaders of their danger. In another aspect the coal duty rebating bill is of great importance. It is the first breach that has been made in the high protection defences. At the opening of Congress a belief prevailed that the low-tariff men among the Republicans would be able to make some progress, but they have not even held their own. Now, with a little prodding from the Democratic side we may expect them to renew their fight. Senator Dolliver of

**COAL AND
THE TARIFF**

Iowa, spurred on by the demand of the Republican farmers of his State for lower duties, attacked the sanctity of the Dingley bill in the Senate the other day. He said more violence had been done to the protective system by the stolid, quiet, uncommunicative failure of the Senate to take action upon the reciprocity treaties than all the noise made by the Democrats about coal. "I do not intend," he said, "to sit quietly in this chamber while it is said to be infamous that anybody should have chanced to entertain the notion that a tariff schedule could not be honorably modified by sensible negotiation." This is the first spirited appearance of the "Iowa idea" which seemed at one time about to die of awe before the gods of high protection.

THE UPROAR RAISED in the South by the President's appointment of Dr. Crum and his suspension of the post-office at Indianola, and the criticisms heard in the North, must have convinced the Administration by this time that it has made a mistake in policy. However spirited these acts may be, and however much they display Mr. Roosevelt's political gallantry, they have met with no favor from sober-minded men in the South and with very little from the same class in the North. The general opinion, so far as we have been able to follow it, seems to be that, in an attempt to perform a generous and high-principled act, the President has injured the negroes

of the South much more than he has helped them. His troubles in dealing with this matter have arisen apparently from his inability to appreciate the depth and intensity of the race antagonism. He has always lived in communities where negroes were few in number. Personally he would have no objection to sitting down at table with a black man, much less to buying stamps from him or paying customs duties to him. He was amazed at the indignation of the Southern people when he had Booker Washington as a guest at the White House. He could not understand it. Why should any one object to his entertaining this able and courteous gentleman? He sought enlightenment from friendly Southern men, and they all told him the same thing. But, like most men, the President finds trouble in understanding a state of public sentiment that he can not feel. And so he has, as his best friends concede, blundered into an unfortunate attitude toward a large section of the country. The race antipathies in the South are not to be softened by giving the negroes momentary political advantages.

**THE PRESIDENT
AND THE SOUTH**

Men like Professor Washington, and other leaders and friends of the race, can see only one hope of relief from the gloomiest problem that now confronts this country, and that is a slow reconciliation by means of education and industrial improvement. Political advancement for individual negroes is only an irritant. The negroes are in more danger from mob violence now than they were before these appointments were made, for the voice of the conservative and merciful Southern man is silenced. The advocates of the President's course must ask themselves, is he justified, on either theoretical or practical grounds, in selecting public servants for the South against whom a large part of the community entertains the bitterest objections? Would he appoint as Collector of the Port of Boston a man whom half the people of Boston actively disliked? It seems to us he has dealt with a condition deeply rooted in passion as if he were treating a mere childish whim which a little sharp discipline would cure.

THE RECALL OF DR. VON HOLLEBEN, the German Ambassador to this country, has been variously ascribed to his inability to inform his government correctly of the true feeling in this country toward Germany, to his failure to induce the President to act as arbitrator in the Venezuelan case, to the fact that he caused the Emperor to send a despatch of condolence to Mrs. Kipling during her husband's illness, which compliment the patriotic poet has repaid by pounding the Emperor with heroic verse on every possible occasion; and to as many other causes as may occur to the imagination of our readers. The truth probably is that Dr. Von Holleben was recalled because the Emperor felt the need of having a man of greater personal importance and greater keenness at Washington. A shrewder person than Dr. Von Holleben would have saved his government from the tangle in which it was placed before the Spanish War. If he had known the temper of the American people better he would have understood that the one thing needed to stiffen their backs and turn the large anti-war party into rampant jingoes was a threat of European interference. The intervention of the powers, tame as it was, aroused only indignation at the time, and the feeling of resentment would have been higher if all the facts of the situation had been known. These were that the representatives of the Continental powers framed a note aggressive in tone, that the State Department informed the British Ambassador that such a note would not be received and drew up a substitute which Lord Pauncefote handed to his colleagues, that it was this prudent note which was presented to the President by the company of meek gentlemen who assembled in the White House to speak for the "Great Powers" and were politely sent about their business. The bad taste of the performance has lingered in spite of the mathematical courtesies practiced by the German Emperor. Dr. Von Holleben's successor will need to be a diplomat who understands the sensitiveness of the American people on European interference in the affairs of this continent, if the feeling of the German Foreign Office is at all correctly reflected by the opinions of the German press.

**AN AMBASSADOR
WHO FAILED**

IT IS ANNOUNCED that William R. Day, who was Secretary of State in the McKinley Administration, has been invited to accept the vacancy in the Supreme Court which will be created by the retirement of Justice Shiras next month. The position was first offered to Governor Taft, and it was expected that he would accept; but Governor Taft declined the honor, preferring to remain in the Philippines and complete his work. It is even reported that "the apparent faith of the Filipinos in him, and the personal attachment to him which many of the more intelligent men among them have manifested, have touched his heart and moved him to stay even at the sacrifice of an honorable ambition for a judicial career"—which is a view of the relations between the Governor and our countrymen beyond the seas that will seem new to the anti-imperialist. As for Judge Day, he is so well known to our readers that



we can say nothing new about him. His views on the Territorial questions that may come up are likely to be in accord with those of the majority of the Court. We have heard some quiet conjecture as to the attitude of the Court toward the income tax should that tax be revived in a new form. It will be recalled that Justice Shiras was reported to have cast the deciding vote against the Cleveland income tax bill. Since that time the membership of the Court has changed considerably. At present there is no income tax bill in sight, but the advocates of that method of raising public revenues are still unconvinced of the hopelessness of their cause and a renewal of their activities is always possible. The Supreme Court sometimes reverses itself.

A NUMBER OF RADICAL ANTI-TRUST BILLS are now before Congress or in preparation. The most drastic is the one presented by Senator Hoar of Massachusetts. It provides for publicity, gives the Attorney-General great power in investigating the conduct of corporations and prescribes a penalty of fine and imprisonment against officers of corporations engaged in interstate commerce who conspire to injure the business of competitors by unfair underselling or by other means. It is an unusually thorough-going measure, so thorough-going that it will undoubtedly meet with vigorous opposition in the Senate. This is not an Administration bill. The Administration has announced in general terms the lines upon which trust legislation ought to be constructed, and it is understood that, under

THE TRUST BUSTERS Mr. Knox's direction, a measure satisfactory to the President is preparing in the House. It provides, of course, for publicity, penalizes the giving and taking of rebates and confers additional powers upon the Interstate Commerce Commission. The leaders of the movement for restraining the trusts have already earned the title of "trust busters"; but they are strong enough to disregard the taunt. It is certain that some bill, sufficiently radical in its terms to have immediate effects, must be passed at this session if the most important leaders of the party in power have their way. The Hoar bill seems to meet the situation most squarely, although, of course, all legislation against the trusts must be largely experimental. The disease is a new one and the remedies are untried. The Hoar bill has this much in its favor, that it places the responsibility for its enforcement directly on the Attorney-General and gives him ample power to perform his duties.

A NDREW CARNEGIE, in dedicating at Washington one of the fifteen hundred library buildings which he has given or intends to give, made an interesting confession. He said giving was the hardest work he had ever undertaken, but he liked hard work, and this particular kind was especially agreeable since it distracted his attention from the woes of humankind and permitted him to "deafen his ears to wails of distress." So his benevolence is doubly useful. It endows the country with magnificent houses for the storage of books and furnishes an anodyne for Mr. Carnegie's aching heart. We guess from this that Mr. Carnegie went through a good deal of silent suffering before he formed his plan of impersonal benefactions. The wail of distress was constantly in his ears, and even the tears of pity could not blind him to the woes of the poor, the unfortunate and, as he says, the "delinquent." Happy Mr.

THE HAPPINESS OF CARNEGIE Carnegie! Now he can walk the streets without a qualm at the sight of shivering misery, burn up the begging letters and, having endowed a score of libraries, go to bed with a cheerful heart. This is benevolence mathematical and up-to date. We do not propose to dispute its wisdom. It certainly does not lack bigness of conception. A full head may be better than a full stomach, and it may be more sensible to attempt to elevate the future standard of American citizenship than to relieve the distress at our doors. However, it requires a long purse, a long head and a sturdy confidence in one's own ability to determine the manifold causes of poverty and "delinquency." We rejoice in Mr. Carnegie and his libraries, but we hope his example will not completely destroy the older and more genial race of philanthropists, who took a vast satisfaction in relieving want and pain and were satisfied with that. May they continue to lend to the Lord by giving to the poor, and, in Dean Swift's words, finding the security good, come down with the dust.

BURKE LAMENTED in a famous apostrophe the decline of chivalry. Well, there was chivalry enough, so far as trappings and ceremonial go, and an unequalled pageant besides, at the recent imperial Durbar in India. Never has the world seen its like, according to the correspondents. It was a vision from the Arabian Nights, the most ordinary descriptions of which take on the splendid hues of the Eastern imagination. Yes, it was worth all the adjectives that the correspondents lavished upon it, and it may have been a piece of grand politics; but now it is over, like a dream brought on by hasheesh, and there is the fiddler to be paid. And what a bill it is, reaching into the millions. Many of the native princes, it is

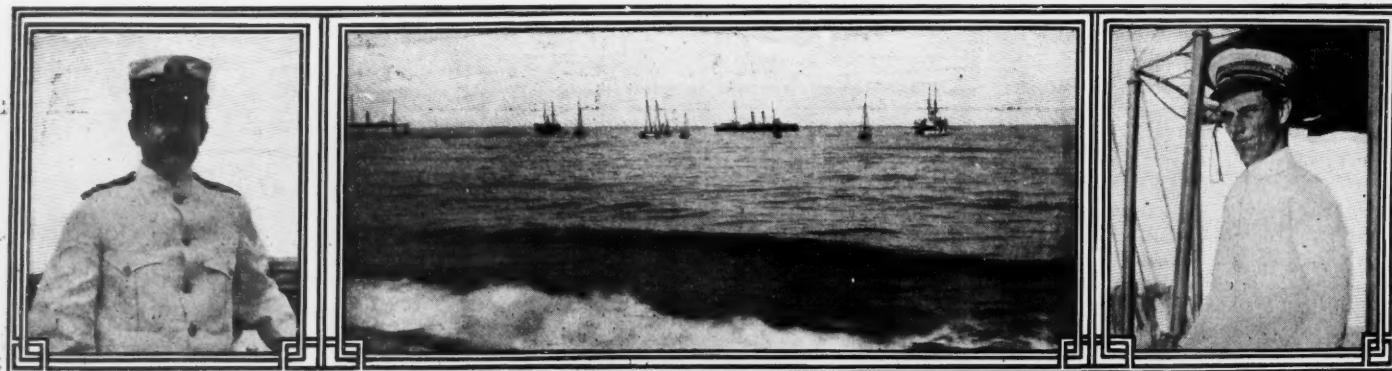
said, impoverished themselves in order to make this British imperial holiday. But, of course, the great burden of the expense will fall upon the patient people of India, most of whom live under the constant menace of starvation. No wonder the British Radicals howl over the Delhi show and threaten to make it the subject of a Parliamentary inquiry. Millions for vain pomp in India, while thousands of men are mobbing for "bread or work" in London. What a speech Burke could give his countrymen, stanch royalist as he was, on this extravagant Durbar, with its woful companion picture of national improvidence and threatening famine! But alas! the age of great oratory such as Burke's has declined even more surely than the age of chivalry, which is said to have been recalled by Delhi's spectacle.

THE PIPER'S LITTLE BILL

IS NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY to be the death of romance? One may well believe it after reading certain "authorized interviews" with the lover and husband-in-expectation of the eloping Crown Princess of Saxony. The flagrant frankness of this young man shocks even our democratic sensibilities and almost alienates our sympathy from the unhappy Princess. Why in the name of poor, tottering, dethroned romance did he tell so much? Could he leave nothing to be imagined? Why did he talk at all since he had everything to gain by keeping silent? No sooner is his mouth open than he blabs like a lackey. And yet some allowance is due Monsieur Giron, bad actor as he is and unfitted to the part for which chance has cast him. The circumstances are indeed extraordinary and might well upset a stronger head than his. Then, too, one can not deny a certain nobility of soul in his declared purpose to support the Princess and himself by writing poetry. Yes, **THE ANTI-CLIMAX OF ROMANCE** he has a poem now ready, but the lawyers will not permit him to dispose of it—*i.e.* sell it—pending the Princess's legal proceedings. The theme is, of course, love—love such as De Musset sang and which made that fine poet so unhappy. Monsieur Giron is inspired by the same grand passion, and, being likewise a poet, is similarly unhappy. So, too, is the unfortunate Crown Princess who has drunk at the same source of love and poetry, and who has herself written (though she has not published) a great quantity of verse. Both the Princess and her lover believe apparently that the world knows little of such exalted passion as theirs, and it is upon this subject they intend to collaborate. In a very little while the world—the world shall see! Poor Princess Louise! poor Monsieur Giron! Here at least is true pathos, for if the lady should fail to secure an adequate financial provision from the Hapsburg family, we may be sure the saddest chapter of her story is yet to be written.

A N ABLE FRENCH CRITIC, M. René Doumic, describes the re-vival of mystical literature in our day as "the effort of a weary generation to restore to their souls that faith without which even sin itself will have lost its savor." The same writer characterizes M. Huysmans and his neo-Christian fellows as the "decadents of Christianity," professing to see nothing in their work but a misty ideal, a contempt for the present time and regret for a time long past, dimly discerned through the illusions of art, with an affectation of singularity and a childish adoration of the marvellous. Whatever we may think of this critic's judgment, it is useful to observe that the phenomenon of literary mysticism is not confined to France or to French literature. The same wind of grace is blowing over England, with fruits equally significant, in a literary sense. Curiously enough, no one seems to have thought of inquiring into the essential spirituality of the English mystics as the French critic above quoted has done in the case of M. Huysmans and his co-workers in the new, yet very old, vineyard. But then literary criticism is a finer art with the French than it is with us or with our English friends.

THE NEO-CHRISTIANS For example, no one dreams of attributing a high degree of spirituality to Mr. Laurence Housman, the now acknowledged author of that engaging but strictly profane work, "An Englishwoman's Love Letters." Yet Mr. Housman has lately published a kind of poetical mystery play under the title of "Bethlehem," which is anxiously scrutinized by the pietists. Perhaps as a religious manifestation the first-named work is about as valuable as the other. Mr. Housman's business is to make copy for the printer to be turned into books which shall, or should, sell. That is also the business of Mr. Stephen Phillips, who has recently given us, doubtless from a like motive, his "David and Bathsheba"; and of Mr. Copley Greene, who has emitted "Pontius Pilate." Interesting as these works may be from a literary point of view, they can have no bearing upon religious sentiment. They add nothing to religion and take nothing from it. The documents of Christianity are few in number and, since the third century, immutable in substance. At a time when the usual elements of literature seem worked out, writers may have recourse for inspiration to the Christian documents. But they will do so at the peril of attempting that which has been done once and forever.



Lieut.-Commander S. W. B. Diehl, U.S.N.
in Command of U.S.S. "Marietta"

The Italian Cruiser "Giovanni Bausan" guarding the Venezuelan Prizes captured off
La Guaya by the Allied Fleets

Commander Delgado Chalbaud
Senior Officer of the Venezuelan Navy

The Triangular War in Venezuela

By James F. J. Archibald, Special War Correspondent for Collier's Weekly

CARACAS, VENEZUELA, January 1, 1903

VENEZUELA'S worst enemies are the Venezuelans. Her future depends upon herself and upon her ability to maintain peace within her borders, and as soon as she can accomplish this there will be an influx of American capital sufficient to develop all branches of trade. The present trouble will be of material benefit to the Venezuelan Government and to the people; it will teach them many things regarding what to expect of the United States and of the Monroe Doctrine, for it was largely a misunderstanding of that doctrine that brought upon them the present trouble. The majority of Venezuelans thought it meant that the American Government was bound to back Venezuela in every dispute or quarrel and be ready to fight at the slightest provocation. Now they know different, and they feel that upon themselves falls the burden of their misgovernment and continued revolt. Until Venezuela has peace and until her officials gain ideas of national honesty the country will continue in the same unfortunate state that we now find it.

General Castro has started upon the right course and is doing all he can to bring about an era of peace. He recently told me that all he wanted was an opportunity to show the people of Venezuela that he wanted them to govern themselves without the restraining hand of a dictator, and that he was perfectly willing to step aside when his successor was duly elected.

Castro's Appeal to Patriotism

When the present crisis came up President Castro released all political prisoners and in the order of such action he addressed them a note asking them to join him for the common welfare of the country. He even returned all property belonging to General Matos, who leads the revolution, which had been confiscated, and asked him to return to assist in saving the country from herself, saying that all grievances should be adjusted in a peaceful manner. Matos was beaten and a fugitive in Curaçoa, but instead of complying with Castro's request he began sending despatches to New York and London papers calling Castro a savage, a man of ignorance, and predicting dire happenings. In reading the daily papers, if one takes the trouble to notice the despatches vilifying Castro and his government, it will be seen that all of them are dated from Willemstad, Curaçoa, the headquarters of the revolutionary party. If Matos had the spirit of a patriot, he would have been glad to comply with Castro's request for advice in the present trouble, but revolutions in Venezuela are born of greed for political power sufficient to guarantee personal financial gain, and in this case, Matos's revolution having been financed by German and English capital, he sees in the present crisis an advantage to his cause. It is a war of the "outs" against the "ins," and is just as sensible as though, upon losing an election, Tammany should arm its members and start down Broadway to attack the City Hall. General Castro may not be any better than any other leader, but I uphold him because he is the present government and because he is endeavoring to bring about the same peaceful state of affairs which made the term of General Crespo so prosperous. He is a man of extraordinary force and executive power, and one who willingly listens to all advice and accepts what in his judgment is worthy of consideration. He has surrounded himself with a Ministry of exceptional ability, with Señor Lopez Baralt at its head. Dr. Baralt is a man of high education, having studied in the University of Venezuela and in European institutions of learning, a man who has produced several books of note on international affairs, and in such a man President Castro has a valuable lieutenant. The President asks for and receives advice and counsel from all the foreign representatives, and looks especially to the American Minister for ideas from the outside world. I do not think that the public has duly appreciated the work performed by Mr. Bowen and by the Secretary of Legation, Mr. Russell, who is now Chargé d'Affaires in Caracas. Mr. Bowen worked unceasingly, not only for Americans and for American interests, but during the recent trouble he has had charge of the heavy business of the Legations of England, Germany, Italy, Holland, besides his own, and the Cubans and Chinese in the country also call upon him whenever they need assistance. In fact, he has a sort of international embassy

at which no one is refused counsel and advice, and the sentiment is growing each day among all residents of foreign birth that they can get better satisfaction at the American embassy than from any other source.

General Castro is a soldier of no mean ability, but he endeavors to keep his military subservient to his civil authority, and although many writers have pictured him in gold lace and cocked hat, it is nevertheless a fact that he does not possess a uniform of any sort nor even a sword. When he goes out to do battle he wears a blue serge suit and a simple Panama hat, and the only weapons he carries are a small whip and a pocket revolver. The latter weapon he carries with him at all times, with the handle protruding from his upper outside coat pocket.

There seems to be a natural antipathy to all uniform throughout Venezuela, and very few of the officers in

joke, but during my military experience I have never seen harder fighting nor seen warfare carried on in such a bitter and aggressive manner. At the battle of La Victoria, which lasted for seven days, there were more than three thousand men killed and wounded. At the taking of Los Takos, orders were given to the government troops who assaulted the place that nothing but machetes should be used. Every man of the assaulting party stripped to the waist, and the attack was made on a dark night by slipping into the town and silently killing every man who wore a coat.

The immediate danger of complications over Venezuela ceased to exist when Mr. Hay caused the American fleet to be mobilized in South American waters; but the danger is one deferred, not ended. The supremacy in power of the American Government has been established for the moment, but the government must now prepare more thoroughly for the next crisis if it proposes to maintain the doctrines so long upheld.

Many think of the Venezuelan Government as a government trying to evade its debts. This is far from the true state of affairs, for it willingly acknowledges its just debts and only disclaims exorbitant demands made by every foreigner who thinks he can make more money by putting in a claim for damages done to his property by revolutions or from stoppage of trade caused by revolutions than he can by continuing his business.

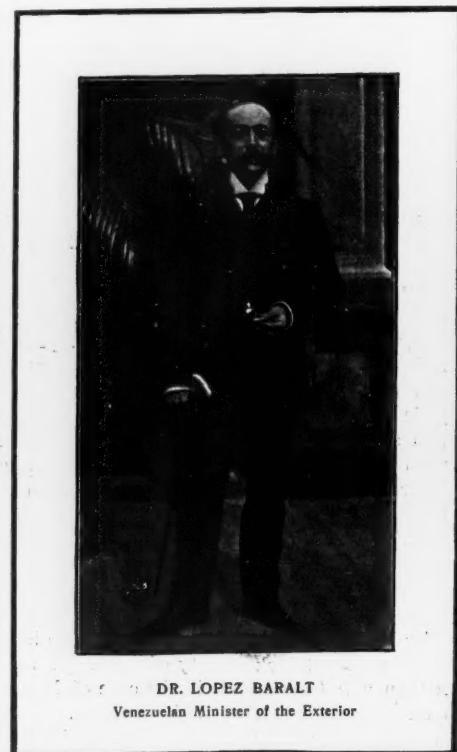
The Risk of the Game

All these concession hunters who go into Venezuela know the state of affairs existing, and men who invest their money should take the chances of war into consideration. They should be willing to risk something when they go knowingly into a region where civil war is ripe, and should not run to their country with claims of indemnity when damage is done them and expect their country to go to war for their petty gain. Fully fifty per cent of every foreign claim for damages against Venezuela to-day is the over-valuation by individuals and by companies who take advantage of some slight damage to make an actual gain.

An example of this spirit came under my observance at Guanta, the port for Barcelona, when it was taken and occupied by the government troops under General Velutini. The little place had been in the hands of the revolutionists for some time and consequently the inhabitants were in sympathy with the party then in power. When the transports and gunboats arrived off the harbor of Guanta, every non-combatant fled to the hills to escape the bombardment and battle sure to follow. Among these was a British subject who was an employé of the Italian railroad connecting Guanta with Barcelona. He lived in a little adobe house of two or three rooms near the station, and while he was in hiding his place was ransacked by some of the soldiers or by the women who follow the army. The owner came back late in the afternoon and, after seeing his place in absolute disorder, he came to General Velutini to enter a complaint. His house looked wretched, but fifteen minutes' labor and a sixty-cent laundry bill would have put the place in better condition than it was originally. The owner, however, went to Caracas and put a claim in before the British Minister for three thousand dollars. At the same place we found two houses belonging to foreigners that bore marked evidence of having been wrecked and sacked by the owners themselves just as an unscrupulous dealer might burn his store and stock for the insurance.

It is such claims as this that make the Venezuelan Government refuse to pay, and when foreign powers force a payment of such claims it is nothing less than simple robbery. Many of the foreign colonists live in Venezuela and consider themselves Venezuelans, entering into politics, giving aid and sympathy to one party or another, but when the times comes when they can see a financial advantage of a claim for redress or damage, they proclaim their loyalty to their mother country and expect her to force a payment, no matter how little foundation of right the claim may have.

Whatever the outcome of the arbitration at The Hague, it will necessarily be a benefit to Venezuela, as it will assist her to meet her obligations in some manner; but the United States should immediately gain control of her indebtedness and hold her loans in this country, and by so doing prevent any future possibility of a war with any European country on that score.

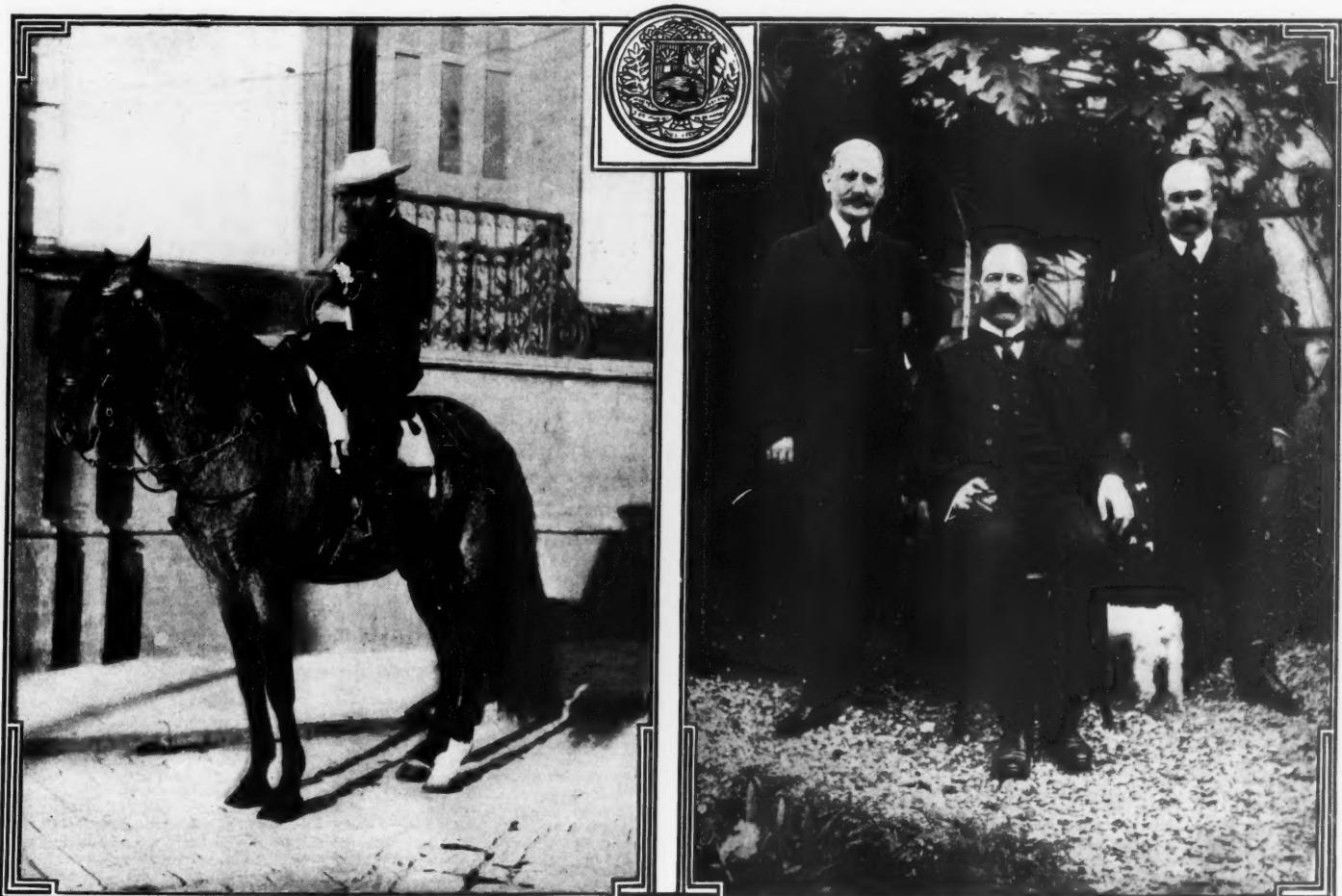


DR. LOPEZ BARALT
Venezuelan Minister of the Exterior

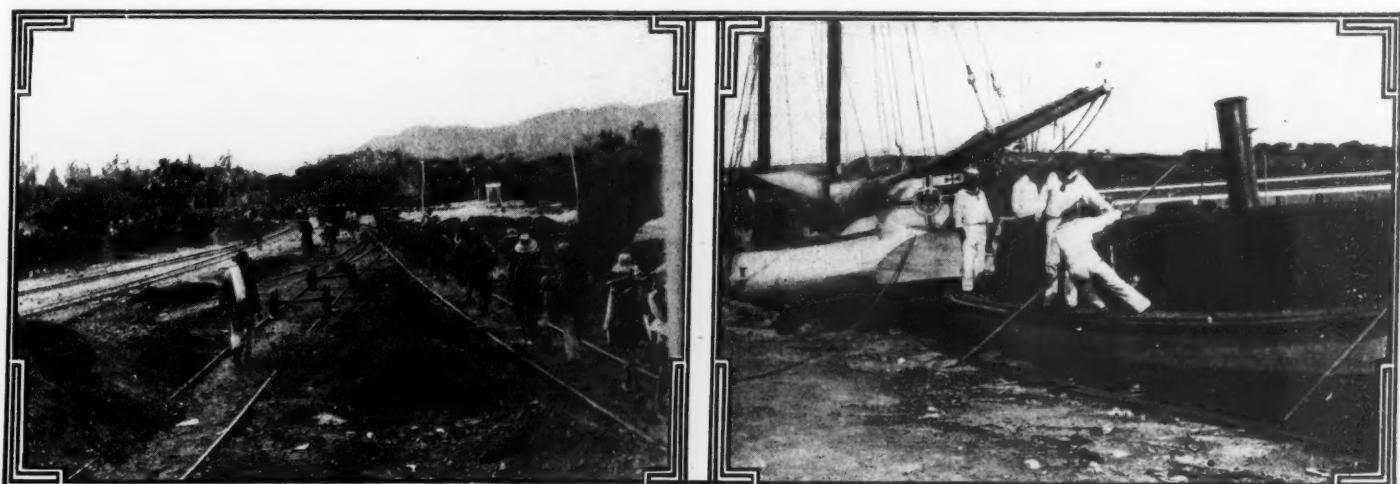
the army wear any semblance of uniform except the yellow sash from which they swing their sword. The foremost general, Velutini, who directed the entire Barcelona campaign, wore a stiff black hat with a morning frock suit. The common soldier is dressed in a serviceable uniform of khaki, which looks like a suit of brown pajamas. They are barefooted, but each man swings a pair of sandals from his belt to be used in portions of the country where cactus abounds. The army is made up of these sturdy little brown men, who carry a rusty Mauser and a keen-edged machete. They endure any possible amount of hardship and know no fear of danger or death, and when sick or wounded they are as stoical and uncomplaining as the best of our own Indians.

Let Us Train the Venezuelans

Considering the possibility of future complication, it will be to the advantage of the American Government to see that these men get this training, just as the British Empire trains her Colonial natives; they will prove actual allies in the event of any future trouble, and, what is far more important, allies to be depended upon to do their share in a campaign. The readers of the North are too apt to consider the warfare waged in South American countries in the light of a

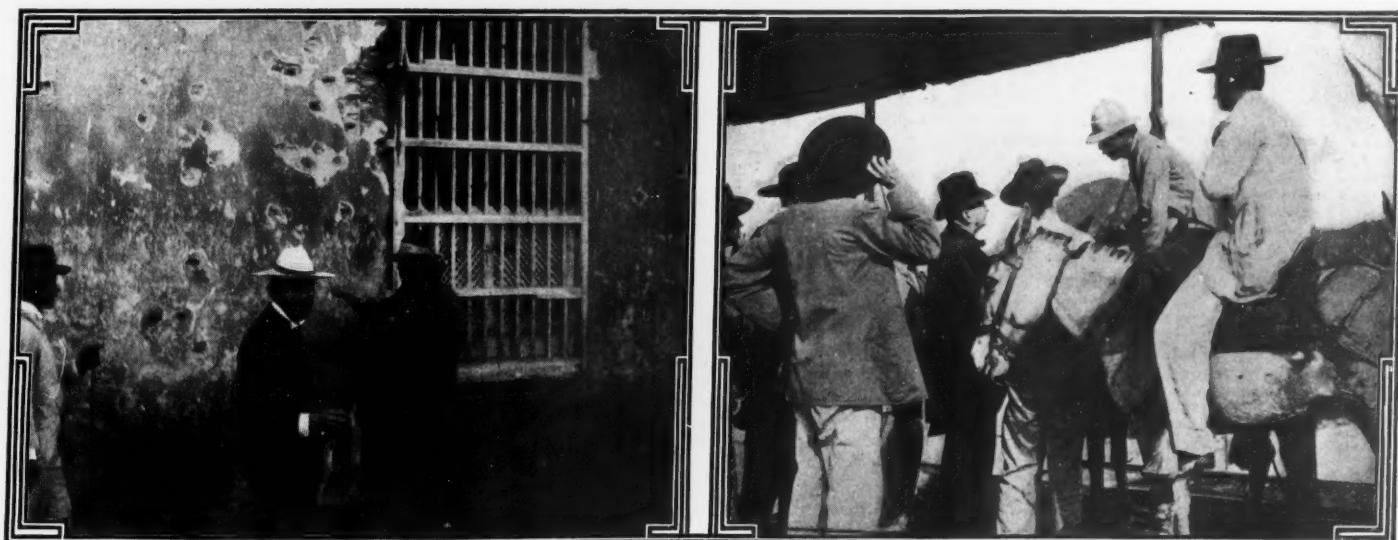


President Castro in Campaign Dress

W. W. Russell, Charge d'Affaires Herbert W. Bowen, U. S. Minister to Venezuela Lieut. Marbury Johnston, Naval Attaché
Representatives of the United States at Caracas

Venezuelan Troops Marching on Barceloná

The Germans Landing at La Guayra



Effect of Rifle Fire at the Capture of Barceloná

General Velutini Conferring with General Olivarez during the Assault on Barceloná

THE VICISSITUDES OF SOUTH AMERICAN WARFARE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD



Digging the Great Isthmian Canal

By Frederick Palmer, Special Correspondent for Collier's Weekly



The Man Behind the Spade
Type of the West Indian Negro
Laborer who will Dig the Canal

has made two hills out of one appears at first sight to be the work of nature and not the work of man.

The Great Culebra Cut

As you approach the summit of the range you are swept past two great walls of naked earth, which resemble nothing so much as the first triangular cut out of a big cheese. At some distance is a line of dump cars creeping with their burdens to a spoil pile. In a region where every ascent is hung with deep green carpets, this vast clayey mass stands out in bold relief as a boulder on a stretch of lawn in the early spring. The instant view from a car window is suggestive of the bygone days, when from Obispo to San Pedro Miguel there was a path of freshly turned reeking earth spattered with workmen and speaking with the voice of chugging engines and the clank of the chains bearing great steel buckets aloft—such a scene as we shall soon witness again by the grace of the United States Treasury. You do not need telling that you are near the oft-pictured Culebra Cut, the only place where work has been continued by the New Panama Canal Company, that lightly capitalized phoenix which rose with an undaunted vigor from the ashes of the old.

The trade winds have begun to blow, driving the rains away. From six in the morning, when a flaring ball is tossed above the horizon, dissipating the mist and bringing day in a flash as an incandescent lamp illuminates a dark room, until six in the evening, when the heat monster takes an equally theatrical and sudden exit, affording a twilight as limited as that of the stage, the glamour from the wide open furnace door is upon all things. Mr. Higbid, the roadmaster of the one through Transcontinental trunk line, justly remarked that one's impression of the Isthmus depended entirely upon whether it was in wet or dry mood when you visited it. When it is wet it is as wet as the clothes of a man who has fallen overboard on a cold day; when it is dry it is dry as an oven. When it rains you swim; when it does not rain, you mop.

The Climate and the Laborers

At the moment the only moisture in the land was that which the heat monster, unveiled by the slightest cloud, was extracting in streams from your own pores. It requires imagination when your moistened handkerchief, if spread on a rock, will dry in a minute or two, to contemplate the gleaming sand at the bottom of the cut flooded and the sides of the cut spouting rivulets. Only the click of the broken rock being tossed into the cars and the talk of the workmen are heard. As you move your chair into the breeze on the porch in summer at home, so you turn your eyes to the green stretches away from the earth walls which throw the heat waves vengefully back into your face. It is striking that in a land where the inhabitants strive for no more than she bountifully yields of food, and no less than she bountifully yields of disease, the greatest excavation on record should be made. Strung along the temporary car tracks, which are changed as the work advances, are the Jamaican and Martinique workmen dwarfed out of all proportion by the hole which they have made by ten years' labor. They are the black ants who will build the canal for their white masters

This is the second of a series of three articles written by Mr. Palmer after a trip across the Isthmus undertaken for the purpose of describing to our readers the actual conditions prevalent along the line of the Panama Canal. The first article was published in our issue of January 10

of the North, who, if they would live through it all, must oversee them from the shade of sun umbrellas. The Son of Ham alone can stand all climates. He tramps the ice fields of the North with Peary or he swings the pick in a land where his pale brother wilts. No pith helmet can cast the shade of his thick skull and kinky locks which he bares to the sun. Upon his shoulders, shining like a stovepipe with the heat, rests the burden of joining the two oceans. Your Commissioners may plan under their awnings and draughtsmen may fill drawers with blue prints, but the man with the spade is the first consideration where you do not need a thermometer that registers much below 75 degrees, and the fever may seize its victims by battalions.

It is only at the bottom of the great cut you can get an adequate conception of the immensity of the work the black ants have done. The generously sloping sides, which make the actual amount of excavation all the more, of course, prevent a realization of the great depth. If the material had been rock, the cost of making a way for the canal through this hill would have been less (not counting the cost of the containing walls of concrete which must be built), while the future globe-trotter would have made comparisons with the grand canyon of the Colorado. That canyon did not take ten years to open. Surely they did things better

at Culebra, work was discontinued with the bursting of the Panama bubble. The cost of finishing the excavation through the range will be more than \$44,000,000, or almost a third of the total cost, including locks, dams and every expense. If the dams represent the greatest engineering difficulty, this excavation calls for the greatest talent in the practical organization. Masterly economy of handling may make each cubic yard cost only sixty cents; extravagance will bring it up to a dollar or more. It is as comparable to nothing else as to the new subway, another case of digging and disposal of spoil at a total expense almost the same.

One who follows this course as I did on foot has the feelings of one who stumbles through the fallen tombs of a deserted and overgrown cemetery. He stubs his toe on steel castings one minute and finds that he is crossing a submerged railroad track the next. In some places a whole train with locomotive attached stands apparently just where it was left on the day that the whistle called the workmen from their tasks for the last time. One of a set of a dozen steel cranes is half turned around, while the others stand in rigid line, like soldiers on parade, as they have stood for thirteen years. From the stacks of steel rails, when they were near the trail, the negroes have carried enough to make footbridges.

The Skeletons of the Past

Given time, all will oxidize under stress of alternate intense heat and moisture, and the satire of the tropics, which bide their time in melting the works of man back into jungle, will be complete. The silence where once ten thousand workmen and millions of dollars' worth of machinery labored under direction of the brain under a sun umbrella, is as impressive as that of the other extreme, the Arctic. You are among the skeletons of the fortunes of the peasants of France, as helpless in their mockery as the dust* which is all that endures of those of Cortes' men. The fallen sign of "Canteen," where the Frenchman drank his absinthe with the unhealthy night mist forming a halo over his glass, speaks volumes not disclosed in the *feuilletons* written in De Lesseps' pay for the Paris papers. You meet no human being except the muleteers who urge their beasts along the trail between the railroad and the interior and the left-overs among the West Indian blacks—amiable squatters these, who get along very well without their absinthe.

From the summit of Culebra, overlooking the rounded summits to the south—for it is ever to be borne in mind that the curve of the Isthmus here makes the course of the Canal due north from the Pacific to the Atlantic—and the plateau to the north, you may conjure up the vista of the changed land which will greet the eye eight years hence. In a lock canal the genius of our engineers must control the Chagres as a fireman does his hose. This gentle stream is on record as having risen twenty-three feet in six hours. Its possible discharge of 136,000 cubic feet a second must be robbed of its terrors by dissipating its force over a large area.

A Gigantic Artificial Lake

Controlling its course in the flat country was relatively simple to what is yet to be done. When the builders of the canal shall have finished their labors, from the summit of Culebra, in place of a stretch of verdure, you will look down upon an artificial lake ten miles square, which, impounding the waters of the Chagres, will make both a safe anchorage and passageway for vessels over a course of seven miles, where little excavation will be necessary. For the most part the banks of this lake will be such as nature has made, and for the half mile where they are not, will stand the most colossal monument to American engineering ever erected under the auspices of our government. This earth dam will be built at Bohio, where the lowlands suddenly rise into the inclosed plateau, which is here the meeting place of the tapering ends of the Rockies and the Andes. Its site has been probed by the Walker Commission's borings like a firkin of butter by a buyer's "trier."

Set in this dam will be the first flight of locks. The lake is not only to be a barrier against the havoc of floods, but it must furnish water for running the locks. In the rainy season a gigantic concrete apron will carry off the surplus. The amount of water is as nice a calculation for the engineers as the parts of a solution to the chemist. Every lockage will draw off a carefully estimated number of cubic feet, and the evaporation in the dry season will be a great drain.



The Excavation between Obispo and San Pedro Miguel, cleaving the Backbone of the Cordilleras

in the very long ago. The soil is clayish with soft rock in places. When exposure followed exposure in the French scandal and ugly rumor was made a worse truth, Culebra furnished the climax which the revelations seemed fitly to demand in the name of tragic harmony. At first it was said that the filling in of the soil made the cut impracticable; next that quicksand had been reached. In other words, De Lesseps had spent \$250,000,000 on an impossible engineering enterprise. Tremulous, indeed, with great hopes and fears has been the career of the new company, whose course has been trimmed to the changing winds of the Washington political sea. If the United States government decided in favor of the Nicaragua route, the property of the company would be of no more practical value than a fleet of fifteenth century caravels for the transatlantic freight trade of to-day. Even the railroad, a valuable asset, would have to exist almost entirely for local traffic. It was a case of getting all it could, and yet not lose a sale. The Walker Commission decided that the value was \$40,000,000, and so it is. I repeat that one is amazed at the amount of work done; at how near relatively the canal was to completion. A hundred millions would have finished a ditch of the size which the French had contemplated. In all, twenty miles were actually dredged from the six-fathom depth of either bay through the lowlands. Entirely across the range of which Culebra is the summit a deep cut had been made. At Empire you look up at a slope (only less higher than that of Culebra), which is so overgrown that close examination is necessary to assure yourself that it is made and not real hillside. Except



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PAUL HELLEU

THE NOTED FRENCH ARTIST, WHOSE SKILL IN DRY-POINT PORTRAITURE HAS EARNED FOR HIM THE TITLE OF "THE IMMORTALIZER OF FAIR WOMEN"

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Mr. Helleu has made for Collier's Weekly a portrait of Miss Ethel Barrymore, to be published in connection with an article which she has written on a most interesting phase of dramatic art. This portrait is a representative example of the artist's striking and peculiar method of expression

The President and the South

By Walter Wellman, Washington Correspondent for Collier's Weekly

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is having more than his fair share of trouble with the South. Every few days some occurrence adds to the strain of the feeling which the people of the Southern States entertain for the present Administration. So far as his relations with the Southern people are concerned, Mr. Roosevelt started well. When he was called to office they warmly welcomed him. They admired his character, and were not backward in saying so. His speeches pleased them, as his military service in the Spanish-American war had done. Some of his earliest Southern appointments were of Democrats. The first incident to break the popularity of the new President in the South was the Booker Washington dinner at the White House—an event which to Northern men seems trivial, and which one would have to live in the South fully to understand. From that day to this the President has been most of the time in more or less hot water over Southern appointments and Southern episodes. It is well known in Washington that a large part of the trouble is due to the fact that President Roosevelt has certain ideas and principles concerning the status and treatment of negroes, which he feels in honor bound to stand by. Where past Presidents have treated with gingerly, tactful caution the well-known antipathies and prejudices of the people of the South, diplomatically shading principles and personal ideas for the sake of peace and harmony, Mr. Roosevelt has in characteristic fashion insisted upon doing what he thinks is right and proper, not what the people of the South think is right and proper. In other words, he insists upon following his own standards in his official acts which concern the South, not the standard which nine-tenths of the whites of that region abide by.

Shall Public Opinion Decide?

Of course, it is a serious and delicate question as to what extent a President should bow to the will of the people of the cities, States or neighborhoods in which he makes appointments. The rule has been that in selection of local officials, such as customs and internal revenue collectors and postmasters, local public opinion should be permitted to have the final word. This actually is the American system, and the methods adopted for carrying it out are very simple and of time-honored use. Such officials are appointed upon the recommendation of the Senators or Representatives from the States or districts involved. These Senators and Representatives are supposed to know the home standing of all applicants for appointment; and it is to their interest as public men, depending upon the favor and suffrages of the people, to take no action which would run counter to local public opinion. This is the principle and this the method employed in making 99 per cent of all the Federal appointments throughout the country. The local choice, the local sentiment, are indirectly but surely consulted.

President Roosevelt is aware of all this, and he does not seek to change the method. He realizes that it is impossible for an executive at Washington to know scores of thousands of individuals scattered throughout the United States. He must rely upon some one to aid him in making selections from among aspirants, and it is only natural that he should rely upon Senators and Representatives of his own political party. But the President points out in his frank discussion of this question with callers at the White House that where this system is employed it contains its own checks and balances; it is so operated that proscription of worthy people for unworthy reasons is made almost impossible. If Senators and Representatives proscribe good men on account of race, color, denominational adherence or any other reason which is not indorsed by public opinion, they will in the end be the sufferers

A clear, comprehensive and unbiased statement of Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward the question of Federal appointments in the Southern States, with a brief review of the two cases that have recently brought the subject into public notice and discussion

thereby. In making an appointment of a postmaster or collector in the North the President declares that while he must rely upon the advice of Senators and Representatives, he would not permit those Senators or Representatives to impose upon him a man notoriously unfit, or in his opinion unfit. His self-respect, and his respect for his oath of office, would not permit him to do that; and he has had more than one ruction with his party friends on account of differences of opinion on this subject. For the same reasons he would not, if he knew it, permit Northern Senators or Representatives to proscribe certain classes of citizens from the possibility of securing government employment.

When it comes to Southern appointments, the President avers that he tries to enforce the same principles and no other. His first aim in making appointments in that section, he says, is to secure good fit men. He naturally prefers Republicans, as it is his duty to do as the official head of the party. But in cases where it has been impossible to secure wholly fit Republicans, he has appointed Southern Democrats. When he finds a man who is competent in every way, and whose appointment would be for the good of the service and eminently satisfactory to the people if the man's skin were white, he says it is beneath his dignity and derogatory to his self-respect and his respect for his office to refuse to appoint that man upon no other ground than that his skin happens to be black. The President makes no concealment of the obvious fact, that with him it is a matter of principle. He regrets to be compelled, even in an occasional instance, to go contrary to the sentiment of the Southern people, or a large part of them, but he can not consent to be guided by objections to possible appointees, when those objections relate solely to the color of the men and not to their efficiency, character or reputability.

It is not surprising that a President who holds these views, and is willing to stand by them, should get into trouble with the people of the South. The principles which the President holds so dear are directly antagonistic to the traditions and beliefs of the Southern whites. Hence it was quite natural that two notable incidents should occur to illustrate the radical differences of opinion between the President and the Southern people. These incidents are still attracting a vast amount of attention, in the North as well as the South. Acting upon the advice of a friend in whose judgment he had perfect confidence, the President named W. D. Crum, a negro and a physician, to be Collector of the Port at Charleston, S. C.

The Appointment of Dr. Crum

In the Crum appointment the President seriously offended the people of the South. They declare that their feelings, their prejudices and their traditions are entitled to some consideration. They are as frank as the President. They object to Dr. Crum because he is a negro, and for no other reason. Why they object to negroes as Federal officials is a long story, involved in the whole social problem of the South. There is such a problem—a race problem—among them, and they are dealing with it in their own way. It is a home question, which must be met at home. They can't permit the North to fix their social standards for them, any more than the North would permit the South to fix theirs. Growing out of this social problem are certain prejudices, traditions and principles. They are fixed and certain. They can't be changed or molded from without, and no one from without has

any right to attempt to do so. The serious complaint which the Southern whites make against President Roosevelt is that he enters their section with the power of his office, and attempts to override their principles and ideas and force his own upon them; and that, they stoutly declare, is not a proper function of the President of a common country.

In reply to the President's declaration that he will not refuse to appoint a man simply because he is black, the people of South Carolina charge that Dr. Crum was appointed for no other reason than that he is a black. In other words, they say Crum was chosen for political reasons, and that the appointment is expected to take care of the South Carolina delegation to the Republican National Convention of next year. Some of the best men in the South, warm friends of the President, hold that the appointment of colored men to Federal office is a mistake, and instead of a help to the negroes is a positive injury to the race. It stirs up the race question and adds to the bitterness of feeling. The friends of the President deny that Dr. Crum was appointed because he is a negro and for political purposes. They declare that of all the candidates for the place he had the best qualifications, and was appointed on that ground and no other. A member of the President's Cabinet declares that the Democrats of Mississippi elect a good many negroes to such local offices as justice of the peace and constable, and that it is only when the President appoints a colored man that a rumpus is raised in the Southern newspapers.

The Indianola Post-Office Case

President Roosevelt's order closing the post-office at Indianola, Miss., has increased the discontent of the Southern people with the present Administration. At this writing the facts are involved in a great deal of doubt. Senator McLaurin, of Mississippi, has presented the testimony of a number of prominent men of Indianola to the effect that Mrs. Cox, the postmistress, was not coerced into resigning, that she voluntarily left the office and the town, and that on her return she should have ample protection. On the other hand, Postmaster-General Payne has a special report on the case made by post-office inspectors, which shows that on account of the state of public feeling Mrs. Cox had to resign; that it would not have been safe for her to remain in the office; that for ten years the whites had been protesting against having their mail handled by a colored woman, and that if the postmistress had attempted to hold on there would have been a tragedy of some sort. It is not likely, says the report, that Mrs. Cox would have been killed or injured, but she and her husband would almost surely have been "run out of town." A mass-meeting of the white people was held at Indianola to take action concerning the case of "the nigger postmistress," and Mrs. Cox sent her husband, an employé of the railway mail service, to this mass-meeting with her letter of resignation. Armed with all the facts, President Roosevelt and Postmaster-General Payne have declared that they will not reopen the Indianola post-office till the sheriff and other local authorities guarantee protection for Mrs. Cox. Though the Administration would welcome a Congressional investigation of this case, it is understood the Mississippi Senators and Representatives do not intend to ask for such an investigation.

Many Southern statesmen denounce the President's order closing the Indianola post-office as "high-handed" and "arbitrary," but others frankly admit he could not well have done anything else. These fairer critics justify the President's demand of officially guaranteed protection for the postmistress, but say the policy of appointing negroes in communities where they are not wanted is a mistaken one and a sure breeder of trouble.

The New York Ghetto

TO THE EAST of New York's famous Bowery, all the way to the river, is the district which they call the Ghetto. An overwhelmingly large proportion of its population is Jewish. The people are nearly all of them very poor. Most of them are still in the alphabet of free government. They have wonderfully high ideals, poetic ideals, but it is very hard for them to talk and think in the terms of the born American.

The Ghetto as a Transformer

Electricians have a piece of mechanism they call a transformer. It changes the quality of a current of electricity so that a current which is useless for some specific purpose may be made exactly suited to the demands of the apparatus in which it is to be applied. The Ghetto is perhaps best understood by those who regard it as a transformer of the human current from the Old World into the New—and especially so much of that current as is impelled toward this country by the European oppression of the Jews.

Because most of the Jewish immigrants are very poor, and furthermore, because they come of an element in the European population that has never heard much of aseptics or even of the high social value of common soap, many very worthy Americans have fallen into the habit of regarding them all as hopelessly ignorant and debased. This estimate of the transplanted Russian or Roumanian or Austrian or Hungarian Jew has not made easier the process of transforming him

into an enthusiastic, appreciative, creditable American. The lesson has been slowly learned by those who started out as reformers rather than as transformers. The miserable poverty of the East Side Jew, his meekness under the hand of oppression and his plaintive eagerness to make a good American citizen out of himself, inspired the erection of many institutions within the boundaries of the Ghetto for his uplifting. Nearly all of these institutions are now conducted with the purpose of letting the Ghetto boy and girl raise themselves, rather than with any notion of pushing them up. The Ghetto has taught intruding charity to seek other methods of satisfying itself and to send teachers and companions into the Ghetto instead of free soup and free clap-trap talk. The pride of the Jew and the ambition of the Jew have vindicated themselves nobly in the face of the temptation, which, above all others, must appeal to a Jew most subtly—that of getting substantial things for nothing.

New York's Ghetto people are censured for not going into less thickly settled parts of the city. It is pointed out that they pay rent in Hester Street and Clinton Street and Norfolk Street and Chrystie Street which is far greater than the rent they would have to pay in much more comfortable parts of the city, where they would be less crowded, where their children would have more room for recreation and where the air would be purer and the opportunity for earning money greater. But we might as well censure a blind kitten for not going out on its own initiative into the busy world.

The folks of the Ghetto, who scarcely know enough English to understand the predatory demands made upon them by the grafters and the oppressors who always trail the weak, are quite helpless without that support which they get from living together by thousands. The very thing which in a way keeps them down, their gregariousness, makes it possible for them to keep up the fight for existence.

The Outdoor Market

So it is that the East Side of New York keeps the characteristics of a great foreign city with its open-air markets. Friday is the great day of the Jewish quarter. By common agreement of the people and the police Hester Street, more than any other thoroughfare, is given over to the push-cart peddlers. The people have brought from the other side of the ocean or have inherited the instinct of buying in open-air markets. The small merchants have the same instinct of selling in the open air. There is no store rent to pay. Every merchant starts with the same chance. The street is free. A policeman, selected for his good nature and his tact, has for years been known as "the Mayor of Hester Street." His principal duty is to prevent quarrelling between competitors for the choice positions nearest favored corners, and to see to it that the "lamplighters" do not become involved in too bitter recriminations. The profession of lamplighting in itself speaks loudly of the peculiar social and religious atmosphere of the Ghetto.

THE LONG NIGHT

BY STANLEY WEYMAN

Author of "A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE", ETC.

Illustrated by Solomon J. Solomon

SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Claude Mercier, a young French student from Chatillon, France, comes to Geneva toward the close of the year 1602, to pursue his studies. He puts up at the "Bible and Hand" on the night of his arrival, and is led into a quarrel by Grio, a roistering soldier. Fighting is prevented by the appearance of the Syndic, Messer Blondel. Mercier seeks lodgings at the house of Mme. Royaume, whom his father had known in former times. Her daughter tries to persuade him, for some mysterious reason, not to reside there, but he insists. At supper that night he meets Grio again, and Basterga. There is a mysterious atmosphere about the place, which is only deepened when Basterga learns that Mercier is recommended to the Syndic and intends to call upon him the following day.

CHAPTER IV

Cæsar Basterga



AD it been Claude Mercier's eye, in place of his ear, which attended the two men to the room above, he had remarked—perhaps with surprise, since he had had more than one proof of Grio's violent temper—that in proportion as they mounted the staircase the bully's crest drooped and his arrogance ebbed away, until at the door of Basterga's chamber it was but a sneaking and shame-faced man who crossed the threshold.

Nor was the reason far to seek. Whatever the relations between the two men in public, their relations to one another in private were delivered up, stamped and sealed in that moment of entrance. While Basterga, leaving the other to close the door, strode across the room to the window and stood gazing out, his back, stern and contemptuous, Grio fidgeted and frowned, waiting with ill-concealed penitence, until the other chose to address him. At length Basterga turned, and his gleaming eyes, his face pale with anger, withered his companion.

"Again! Again!" he muttered—it seemed he dared not lift his voice. "Will you never be satisfied until we are broken on the wheel? You dog, you! The sooner you are broken the better, were that all! Ay, and were that all, I could watch the bar fall with pleasure! But do you think I will see the fruit of years of planning, do you think that I will see the reward of this brain—this! this! you brainless idiot, who know not what a brain is—" and he tapped his brow repeatedly with an earnestness almost grotesque—"do you think that I will see this cast away, because you swill—swine that you are? Swill, and prate in your cups!"

"Fore God, I said nothing!" Grio whined. "I said nothing! It was only that he would not drink and I—"

"Made him?"

"No, he would not, I say, and we were coming to blows. And then—"

"He gave back, did he?"

"No, Blondel came in."

Cæsar Basterga stretched out his huge arms. "Fool! Fool! Fool!" he hissed, with a gesture of despair. "There it is! And Blondel, who should have sent you to the whipping post, or out of Geneva, has to cloak you! And men ask why, and what there is between our most upright Syndic and a drunken, bragging—"

"Softly," Grio muttered, with a flash of sullen resentment. "Softly, Messer Basterga! I—"

"A drunken, swilling, prating pig?" the other persisted. "A broken soldier living on an hour of chance service? Pooh, man," with contempt, "do not threaten me! Do you think that I do not know you more than half craven? The lad below there would cut your comb yet, did I suffer it! But that is not the point. The point is that you must needs advertise the world that you and my lord the Syndic are hail-fellows, and the world will ask why! Or he must deal with you as you deserve, and out you go from Geneva!"

"Per Bacco! I am not the only soldier," Grio muttered, "who ruffles it here!"

"No! And is not that half our battle?"

Basterga rejoined, gazing on him with massive scorn. "To make use of them, and their grumbling, and their little love for the Venerable Company of Pastors who rule us! Such men are our tools, tools only, and senseless tools, for, Geneva won for the Grand Duke, and what will they be the better save in the way of a little

more license and a little more drink? But for you I had something better! Is the little farm in Piedmont not worth a month's abstinence? Is drink money for your old age, when else you must starve, or stab in the purloin of Genoa, not worth one month's sobriety? But you must needs for the sake of a single night's debauch ruin me and get yourself broken on the wheel?"

Grio shrank under his eye. "There is no harm done," he muttered at last. "Nobody suspects what is between us."

"How do you know that? Do you think it is natural Blondel should favor such as you?"

"It will not be the first time Geneva cloak has covered Genoa velvet."

"Velvet!" Basterga repeated with a sneer, "Rags rather." And then more quickly, "But that is not all, nor the half. Do you think Blondel, who is on the point, Blondel who will and will not, and on whom all must turn, Blondel the upright, the impeccable, the patriotic, without whom we can do nothing, and who I tell you, blockhead, hangs in the balance—do you think he likes it? Or is the more inclined to trust his life with us when he sees us brawlers, toss-pots, common swillers? Do you think he on whom I am bringing to bear all the resources of this brain—this!" and again the big man tapped his forehead with tragic earnestness—"and whom you could as much move to side with us, as you could move yonder peak of the Jura from its base—do you think he will deem better of our part for this?"

"Well, no."

"No! No, a thousand times!"

"But I count drunk the same as sober for that!" Grio cried, plucking up, and with a gleam of defiance in his eye. "For it is my opinion that you have no more chance of moving him than I have! And so to

And the Grand Duke, much as he craves Geneva, will not spend over boldly."

"No, not with money."

"With power and rank, then? Will he make him governor of Geneva? No, for he dare not trust him. And less than that, what is it to Syndic Blondel, whose word to-day is all but law in Geneva?"

"No, nor with power," Basterga answered quietly.

"Is it with revenge, then? There are men I know who love revenge. But he is not of the south, and at such a risk revenge were dearly bought."

"No, nor with revenge."

"A woman, then? For that is all that is left," Grio rejoined in triumph. For once he had spoken out, he had put himself on a level with his master, he had worsted him—or he was much mistaken. "Perhaps, from the way you have played with the little prude below, it is a woman. But they are plenty even in Geneva, and he is rich and old."

"No, nor with a woman."

"Then with what?"

"With this!" Basterga replied. And for the third time, drawing himself up to his full height, he tapped his brow. "Do you doubt its power?"

For answer Grio shrugged his shoulders, his manner sullen and contemptuous.

"You do?"

"I don't see how it works, Messer Basterga," the veteran muttered. "I say not you have not good wits. But the best of wits must have its means and method. It is not by wishing and willing—"

"How know you that?"

"Eh?"

"How know you that?" Basterga repeated with sudden energy, and he shook a massive finger before the other's eyes. "But how know you anything," he continued with disdain, "dolt, imbecile, rudiment, that you are? Ay, and blind to boot, for it was but the other day I worked a miracle before you, and you learned nothing from it."

"It is no question of miracles," the other muttered doggedly; "but of how you will persuade Syndic Blondel."

"Is it so? Then tell me this: The girl below who smacked your face a month back because you laid a hand upon her wrist, and who would have had you put to the door the same day—how did I tame her? Can you tell me that?"

Grio's face fell remarkably. "No, master," he said, nodding. "I grant it. I can not. A wilder filly was never handled."

"So! And yet I tamed her. And she suffers you! She's sport for us within bounds. Yet do you think she likes it when you paw her hand or lay your dirty arm about her waist, or steal a kiss? Think you the blood mounts and ebbs for nothing? Or the tears rise and the lip trembles and the limbs shake for sheer pleasure? I tell you, if eyes could slay, you had breathed your last some weeks ago."

"I know," Grio answered, nodding thoughtfully. "I have wondered and wondered how you did it."

"I did it?"

"Yes."

"And you do not understand—with what?"

Grio shook his head.

"Then why mistrust me now, blockhead, when I say that as I charmed her I can charm Blondel? Ay, and more easily. You know not how I did the one or shall do the other," the big man continued. "But what of that?" And in a louder voice, and with a gusto which showed how genuine was his delight in the metre,

"Pauci quos æquus amat
Jupiter aut ardens exevit ad æthera virtus
Dis geniti potuere."

he mouthed. "But that," he added, looking scornfully at his confederate, "is Greek to you!"

Grio's altered aspect, his crestfallen air, owned the virtue of the argument if not of the citation; which he did not understand. He drew a deep breath. "Mon Dieu," he said, "if you do do it, Messer Basterga—"

"I shall do it," Basterga retorted, "if you do not spoil all with your drunken tricks!"

Grio was silent a moment, sunk apparently in reflection. His bloodshot eyes travelled respectfully and even timidly over the objects about him. The room in which he found himself was, indeed, no common room, either in aspect or furnishing. It boasted, it is true, none of the weird properties, the skulls and corpse-lights, dead hands, and waxen masks with which the necromancer

"You brainless idiot!"

be plain you have it, Messer Basterga. For how are you going to move him? With what?"

"Ah!"

"With money?" Grio continued with a fluency which showed he spoke that on which he had thought. "He is rich, and ten thousand crowns would not buy him."



THE SWARMING

THE PUSH-CART AND CURBSTONE MARKET AT HESTER AND ESSEX

SEE PAGE



MING GHETTO

ESSEX STREETS, IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK'S JEWISH QUARTER

SEE PAGE 10

of that day sought to impress the vulgar mind. In place of these a multitude of objects, quaint, curious or valuable, filled that half of the room which was further from the fire-hearth. On the wall, flanked by a lute and some strange-looking rubrical calendars, were three or four silver discs, engraved with the signs of the Zodiac; these hung in such a position as to catch the light which entered through the heavily leaded casement. On the window-seat below a pile of Plantins and Elzevirs threatened to bury a steel casket. On the table, rolls of vellum and papyrus peeping from metal cylinders leaned against a row of brass-bound folios. A handsome fur covering masked the truckle-bed, but this, too, bore its share of books; as did two or three long trunks covered with stamped and gilded leather which stood against the wall and were so long that the ladies of the day had the credit of hiding their gallants in them. On stools lay more books, and yet more books, with a medley of other things; a silver flagon and some arms, a chess-board, an enamelled triptych and the like.

In a word, this half of the room wore the aspect of a library, low-roofed and richly furnished. The other half, partly divided from it by a curtain, struck the eye differently. A stove of peculiar fashion, equipped with a powerful bellows, cumbered the hearth; and before this, on a long table, were ranged a profusion of phials and retorts, glass vessels of odd shapes and earthen pots. Crucibles and alembics stood in the ashes before the stove, and on a side-table placed under the window were scattered a set of silver scales, a chemist's mask and a number of similar objects. Cards bearing abstruse calculations hung everywhere on the walls, and over the fireplace, inscribed in gold and black letters, the Greek word "EUREKA" was conspicuous.

The existence of such a room in the quiet house in the Corraterie was little suspected by the neighbors, and if known would have amazed them. To Grio its aspect was familiar; but even he had not shaken off his awe of the unknown and the magical. He looked about him now, and after a pause:

"I suppose you do it—with these," he murmured; and with an almost imperceptible shiver he pointed to the crucibles.

"With these?" Basterga exclaimed, and had the other ascribed supernatural virtues to the cinders or the bellows, he could not have thrown greater scorn into his words. "Do you think I ply this base mechanic-art for aught but to profit by the ignorance of the vulgar? Or think by pots and pans and mixing vile substances to make this, which by nature is this, into that which by nature it is not! I, a scholar? A scholar? No, I tell you, there was never alchemist yet could transmute but one thing—poor into rich, rich into poor!"

"But," Grio murmured with a look and in a voice of disappointment, "is not that the true transmutation which a thousand have died seeking, and one here and there, it is rumored, has found? From lead to gold, Messer Basterga?"

"Ay, but the lead is the poor Alchemist who gets gold from his patron by his trick. And the gold is the poor fool who finds him in his living, and being sucked turns to lead! There you have your transmutation."

"Yet—"

"There is no yet!"

"But Agrippa," Grio persisted, "who sojourned in Geneva and of whom, master, you speak daily—was he not a learned man?"

"Ay, even as I am!" Cæsar Basterga answered, swelling visibly with pride. "But constrained as I am to play the baser trade, and stoop to that we see and touch and smell! Faugh! What lot more cursed than to quit the pure ether of Latinity for the lower region of matter? And in place of cultivating the *literæ humaniores*, which is the true cultivation of the mind, and sets a man, mark you, sirrah, on a level with princes, to stoop to handle virgin milk and dragon's blood, as they style their vile mixtures; or else grope in dead men's bodies for the thing which killed them. Which is a pure handicraft and cheirergon, unworthy a scholar, who stoops of right to naught but the goose-quill!"

"And yet, master, by these same things—"

"Men grow rich," Basterga cried with a sneer, "and get power! Ay, and the bastard sits in the chair of the legitimate, and pure learning goes bare while the seekers after the Stone and the Elixir (who in these days are descending to invent even lesser things and smaller advantages that in the learned tongues have not so much as names) grow in princes' favor and draw on their treasures! But what says Seneca? 'It is not the office of Philosophy to teach men to use their hands. The object of her lessons is to form the soul and the taste.' And *Aldus Manucius, vir doctissimus magister noster*! and here he raised his hand to his head as if he would uncover, "says also the same, but in a Latinity more pure and translucent, as is his custom."

Grio scratched his head. The other's vehemence, whether he sneered or praised, flew high above his dull understanding. He had his share of the reverence for learning, which marked the ignorant of that age; but to what better end, he pondered stupidly, could learning be directed than to the discovery of that which must make its owner the most enviable of mortals, the master of wealth and youth and pleasure! It was not to this, however, that he directed his objection; the *argumentum ad hominem* came more easily to him. "But you do this?" he said, pointing to the paraphernalia about the stove.

"Ay," Basterga rejoined with vehemence. "And why, my friend? Because the noble rewards and the consideration which former times bestowed on learning are to-day diverted to baser pursuits! Erasmus was the friend of princes and the correspondent of kings. Della Scala was the companion of an emperor, Morus, the Englishman, the right arm of a king. And I, Cæsar Basterga of Padua, bred in the pure Latinity of our Master Manucius, yield to none of these. Yet am I, if I would live, forced to stoop *ad vulgus captandum*! I must kneel that I may rise! I must wade through the mire of this base pursuit that I may reach the firm ground of wealth and learned ease. But think you that I am the dupe of the art wherewith I dupe

others? Or, that once I have my foot on firm ground I will stoop again to the things of matter and sense. No, by Hercules!" the big man continued, his eye kindling, his form dilating. "This feat that should supply me for life, performed, Caesar Basterga of Padua will know how to add to those laurels which he has already gained

The bays of Scala and the wreaths of More, Erasmus' palm and that which Lipsius wrote."

And in a kind of frenzy the scholar fell to pacing the floor, now and again mouthing hexameters, now and again spurning with his foot a pot or an alembic which had the ill luck to lie in his path. Grio watched him, and, watching him, grew only more puzzled. He could have understood a moral shrinking from the enterprise on which they were both embarked. He could have understood—he had superstition enough—a moral distaste for alchemy and those practices of the black art which his mind connected with it. But this superiority of the scholar, this aloofness, not from the treachery but from the handicraft, was beyond him. And for that reason it imposed on him the more.

Not the less for this, however, was he importunate to know wherein Basterga trusted. To rave of Scholarship and Scaliger was one thing; to bring Blondel into the plot which was to transfer Geneva to Savoy and strike the heaviest blow at the Reformed that had been struck in that generation, was another, quite another. The Syndic was disaffected; that was true, he knew it. But to parley with the Grand Duke's emissaries, and strive to get and give not, that again was one thing; while, to betray the town and deliver it, tied and bound, into the hands of its arch-enemy was another and a far more weighty matter. One, too, to which in Grio's judgment—and he had seen and weighed many men—the magistrate would never be brought.

"Shall you need my aid with him?" he asked after a while, seeing the scholar still wrapped in thought. The question was not lacking in craft.

"Your aid? With whom?"

"With Messer Blondel."

"Pshaw, man," Basterga answered, rousing himself peevishly. "I had forgotten him and was thinking of that villain Scioppius and his tract against Joseph Justus. Do you know," he continued with a snort of indignation, "that in his Hyperbolaeus, not content with the statement that Joseph Justus left his laundress's bill at Louvain unpaid, he alleges that I—I, Cæsar Basterga—was broken on the wheel at Munster a year ago for the murder of a gentleman!"

Grio turned a shade paler. "If this business miscarry," he said, "the statement may prove within a year of the mark. Or nearer, at any rate, than may please us!"

Basterga smiled disdainfully. "Think it not!" he answered, extending his arms and yawning with unaffected sincerity. "There was never scholar yet died on the wheel."

"No?"

"No, friend, no. Nor will, unless it be Scioppius and he is unworthy the name of scholar. No, we have our disease and die of it, but it is not that. Nevertheless," he continued with magnanimity, "I will not deny that when Master Pert-Tongue downstairs put our names together so pat, it scared me. It scared me. For how many chances were there against such an accident? Or what room to think it an accident, when he spoke clearly with the *animus pugnandi*? No, it is not for me to deny that he touched me home."

(To be continued)



The Story of an Apparently Serious and Complicated Situation which, after all, is Shown to be a Perfectly Simple Matter

By Francis M. Livingston

THERE were about thirty ladies in court costume in the space adjoining the throne room. It was like a corner of a great barn, dimly lighted and almost devoid of furniture. A draught came from some indeterminate quarter, and this put the old Duchess de Montrouge, who had a cold in the head, in an ill humor.

There were not chairs enough to accommodate all the ladies, and many of them stood or walked about, waiting for the moment when they would be ushered into the grand salon.

This was no petty principality, but a large, powerful kingdom having possessions in all of the four quarters of the earth. For reasons of state its name can not be mentioned, but the reigning monarch was of the historic family of Jarret-Grossier.

The Duchess de Montrouge, who by virtue of her rank and age was held in great awe by most of the court ladies, was talking to a young countess who was to be present at her first drawing-room on this evening. This young lady, the Countess Amandine, who was very pretty in her dress of pale blue and her powdered hair, in which a number of jewels shone, had just ventured a remark to the effect that the floor was rather dirty.

"If you don't find anything worse than that to complain of here, my dear, you'll be lucky," said the duchess snappishly.

"Oh, I'm not complaining," answered the countess, "only it's so different from in there," she cast a glance toward the adjoining throne room, which was richly carpeted, the walls being hung with beautiful tapestries. The throne stood upon a velvet dais over which was a golden canopy.

"Oh, of course," said the duchess, "but it's—hem—none too clean in there either."

Her words may have been intended to convey a

Grio nodded grimly. "I would we were rid of him!" he growled. "The young viper! I foresaw danger from him."

"Possibly," Basterga replied. "Possibly. In that case measures must be taken. But I hope there may be no necessity. And, now, I expect Messer Blondel in an hour, and have need, my friend, of thought and solitude before he comes. Knock at my door at eight this evening and I may have news for you."

"You don't think to resolve him to-night?" Grio muttered with a look of incredulity.

"It may be. I do not know. In the meantime silence and keep sober!"

"Ay, ay!"

"But it is more than ay, ay!" Basterga retorted with irritation, with something of the temper, indeed, which he had betrayed at the beginning of the interview. "Scholars die otherwise, but many a broken soldier has come to the wheel! So do you have a care of it! If you do not—"

"I have said I will!" Grio cried sharply. "Enough scolding, master. I've a notion you'll find your own task a little beyond your hand. See if I am not right!" he added. And with this show of temper on his side also, he went out and shut the door sharply behind him.

Basterga stood a few moments in thought. At last

"Dimidium facti, qui bene cepit, habet!"

he muttered. And, shrugging his shoulders, he looked about him, judging with an artistic eye the effect which the room would have on another. Apparently he was not perfectly content with it, for, stepping to one of the long trunks, he drew from it a gold chain, some medals, and a jewelled dagger, and flung these carelessly on a box in a corner. He set up the alembics and pipkins which he had overturned, and here and there he opened a black-lettered folio, discovered an inch or two of crabb'd Hebrew, or the corner of an illuminated script. A cameo dropped in one place, a clay figure of Minerva set up in another, completed the picture.

His next proceeding was less intelligible. He un-earthed from the pile of duodecimos on the window seat the steel casket which has been mentioned. It was about twelve inches long and as many wide, and as deep as it was broad. Wrought in high relief on the front appeared an elaborate representation of Christ healing the sick; on each end, below a massive ring, appeared a similar design. The box had an appearance of strength out of proportion to its size, and was furnished with two locks protected and partly hidden by tiny shields.

Basterga, handling it gently, polished it awhile with a cloth, and then bearing it to the inner end of the room he set it on a bracket beside the hearth. This place was evidently made for it, for on either side of the bracket hung a steel chain and padlock, with which and the rings the scholar proceeded to secure the casket to the wall. This done, he stepped back and contemplated the arrangement with a smile of contemptuous amusement.

"It is neither so large as the Horse of Troy," he murmured complacently, "nor so small as the Wafer that purchased Paris. It is neither so deep as hell, nor so high as heaven, nor so craftily fastened a wise man may not open it, nor so strong a fool may not smash it. But it may suffice. Messer Blondel is no Solomon, and may swallow this as well as another thing. In which event, 'Ave atque vale, Geneva!' But here he comes. And now to play the game!"

double meaning; if so, it was lost upon the Countess Amandine. She was looking at a young lady who had just entered the room. This was a tall, slight, yet beautifully formed girl of twenty. She was dressed in some filmy white stuff. Her décolleté corsage was embroidered with seed pearls. Around her neck was a circlet of magnificent diamonds.

"Who is she?" asked the Countess Amandine, her eyes frankly avowing her admiration. The duchess made a most undignified sound resembling a snort. Now, this was the Princess Etelka, who was hated not only by the duchess but by nearly every other woman in the room. Beyond the fact that the princess was young and beautiful, there was no real reason for this feeling, as she was a most amiable person. Perhaps it was because the king at every drawing-room made a point of directly addressing the princess, a distinction which was conferred upon none of the other court ladies. He always used the same words, turning to the young lady after some rather banal utterance and saying: "I am certain the Princess Etelka will not disagree with me." And the Princess Etelka, inclining her beautiful head, invariably replied, "No, your Highness." These were the only words she was ever heard to say to him, "No, your Highness."

The Duchess de Montrouge had broadly hinted that there were occasions when the Princess Etelka did not say "No, your Highness," to the king, but the duchess was known to be a very ill-natured and gossiping person. There were many, however, who were only too glad to believe her.

Suddenly the king appeared—a tall, sad-looking man with dark curling hair and beard. His long purple robe was carried over his arm. He looked neither to the right nor the left as he passed through the room. Only two of the ladies who were seated rose, and they did it so deliberately and nonchalantly that no respect was

implied in the action. It might almost have been accidental, as they passed at once to the opposite side of the room where the duchess stoutly kept her seat. "I think his Nibs looks a bit groggy to-night," said one of these two ladies, a thin creature in an unbecoming dress of green velvet. English was the language of the court, and the ladies, who delighted to throw aside all restraint of etiquette when not in the presence chamber, revelled in such Anglo-Saxon slang as they knew.

"I think Liberman has been making it hot for him," said the duchess.

"Oh, Liberman makes me tired," said the green velvet lady, "that man's no gentleman."

In truth, the king was not popular, but it was well known that he was nothing but a figure-head. He spoke no thought which had not its origin in a more powerful brain, and every action was directed by another stronger will, that of the dreaded Liberman, the power behind the throne.

The Princess Etelka, who was passing, paused a moment as she heard them speaking of his Highness. "He doesn't bother about Liberman," she said, in her low, dulcet tones; "the truth is the poor man is suffering dreadfully from insomnia."

"Madame is an authority," said the duchess loud enough for the princess to hear as the latter passed on.

The young Countess Amandine was the only member of the group who had the grace to blush.

"I heard something about her to-day," said the Baroness Rondheim, a woman of the pigeon type, dressed in ruby silk; "she was out in the park in her automobile. A man who was with me said he used to know her in London, and that her mother keeps a delicatessen shop in the Strand."

"Oh!" cried the Countess Amandine at the utterance of this cruellest slander yet. The other women seemed perfectly unmoved. Indeed, it was no very surprising thing they had heard. Some of the ladies of high rank

in this singular court had sprung from stranger places than delicatessen shops.

"I'd like to know what we're waiting for," said a plethoric lady in white silk with broad pink stripes; "it's away past the hour."

Nobody answered her, for she was greatly disliked on account of her record. She was said to have been a great beauty in her youth and still had very small feet. As she moved away the Baroness Rondheim said, "See, her dress is gaping in the back."

"I will go tell her," said the Countess Amandine, starting forward.

"Indeed, you shall do nothing of the kind," said the duchess, putting forth a restraining hand. The countess drew back, her generous impulse yielding to the authority of the older woman. The Countess Amandine was fast becoming initiated into the ways of the court.

A large black cat came forward out of the dim background and stood in the centre of the room, his yellow eyes moving slowly from side to side. "Ah," cried the Baroness Rondheim, "the horrid creature's got a mouse!" Several women screamed and four of them jumped upon chairs.

"Pooh," sniffed the duchess, "timid young things! Come, Tom, good Tom; I wish you could catch them all; the place is alive with them."

The grand salon was suddenly illuminated with a blaze of light, and strains of gay music were heard. The king mounted the throne. At the same moment a stout man with a red face appeared in the anteroom. He entered quite unceremoniously. The Baroness Rondheim, who was nearest him, had not even a chance to cry, "Pfst—Liberman!"

"What's the racket out here?" he asked fiercely. "I want you court ladies to understand that there's to be no talking in this scene as there was last night, or somebody will get fined fifty cents. Come, get your places, we're going to ring up right away." Five minutes later, with crash of cymbals and blare of trumpets, the curtain rose on the first act of "A Court Intrigue."



The Fashionable Walk

By Juliet Wilbur Tompkins

CECILIA contends that a fresh veil, well put on, adds ten dollars to a girl's appearance, while a proper walk stands for fifty dollars at least. When questioned as to what is a proper walk, she explains it as the "approved hygienic gait and carriage modified by a judicious respect for fashion." At first glance this seems a very simple way to enhance one's appearance at a saving of sixty dollars. The fresh veil is within any one's reach, and as to the hygienic laws of the proper walk, we have all heard until we could recite in our sleep the rules about the ball of the foot and the straight line dropped from the chin. But it is the fashionable modification that is the trick—or the art—whereby Cecelia derives her expensive air: the tying of the veil that marks her above the crowd.

It neither veil nor walk is Cecelia ever extreme. Judiciously fashionable, she stipulates: the "judicious" marking her claim to breeding. When pompadours are ordered to the forehead, Cecelia's droops forward with the rest; but you will never see it lumping into one eye; and there is always the little individual touch of Cecelia in its arrangement, as though the fashion had been adapted to her rather than she to the fashion. She took up athletics when others did, but her walk did not degenerate into a sloping stride: it merely became stronger and freer, betraying her athletics but not obnoxiously advertising the fact. She was the nice girl who played golf—not the golf girl.

The golf walk is still abroad in the land: it is a challenge, a declaration of rights, a climax of assertiveness. It is not content merely to indorse those excellent innovations, the short skirt and the extension sole—it rubs them into the point of rousing antagonism. It is marked by a loosely swinging arm, a slump forward from the hip at every stride, and a slant of the body from the waist as though the shoulders were trying to get ahead of the feet. It has neither grace nor dignity, nor even that indefinable attraction vulgarly known as style. Speed and conspicuously seem to be its only reasons for existing.

This fashion of walk came close on the heels of one that was its extreme opposite. Indeed, the two were almost contemporary, and you might have found both in the same block any day for many months. This was a fluffy, fussy, delicate little feminine patter that should have been named the frou-frou. The skirts, as many and as frilled as possible, were gathered up in front with both helpless little hands, the body drooping slenderly forward, the insteps well revealed, so that the owner seemed perpetually about to venture over a muddy crossing in a French picture. It was the revolt of the eternal feminine from a long course of new woman, the saving spring backward it always makes when apparently on the verge of common-sense. You may convince a woman that the short skirt and the uncomressed waist are the first law of sanity: that curling-tongs and face-powder work against the true, innate human beauty: that little affectations and tricks of eyes are behind the times in this age of straightforward, fine, sensible ideals.

You can lead her to consent to all this with high enthusiasm and to thank the gods that she was born in this enlightened age. And then two days later you will see her rigorously straight-fronted, curled and powdered,

displaying all the follies of the original Eve for the benefit of the man beside her. Perhaps it is a pity, perhaps it isn't. There is no use in consulting the man. On such subjects as this he is both unintelligent and unreliable.

Perhaps the strangest vagary that ever crept into the feminine method of locomotion was the famous "Grecian bend" of the early seventies. Old Greece, land of flowing lines, would have turned in her grave could she have seen the constricted, mincing attitude labelled with her name. The body was thrown into an artificial curve, chest forward, head back, elbows tight at the sides and the two hands held breast high, the whole giving a very good imitation of a kangaroo. The fashion was laughed at unmercifully, but it persisted long enough to mark itself on history as definitely as the hoop skirt did, and is remembered with the same tolerant amusement.

A walk that was an outgrowth of the Grecian bend might well have been called "the prudie." It involved a haughty switching of the skirts from side to side by a swaying motion of the back, expressing all that was elegantly disdainful. A slight elevation of the nose accompanied it. The little girls of the day, when they played lady, had only to pin a shawl on in back and then switch their little persons right and left at every step to get a perfect illusion of high fashion. Traces of that wagging walk may still be seen among the vulgar when they are out in holiday finery.

Who starts these strange fashions that set a whole race walking to a new measure? Does a great personage accidentally exhibit some trick of gait in public, to be carried abroad by the servile crowd? The foolish high handshake of a few years past started, they say, from an injury to an illustrious arm, forcing it to that position; while the jewelled or velvet collarettes worn with low-necked gowns came from a defect in a royal throat. Are we caricaturing some one's misfortune when we fall into a new mode of carriage? Or do these things come from the stage, where an actress may set a fashion for two continents in a single night? Or is it just spontaneous generation, a thing in the air, a microbe of vanity that falls on every one at once? Cecelia says that skirts are held up in the back now, with one hand, or drawn about one riding-habit fashion—that two hands clutching them at the sides has quite gone out, and that the correct walk is still "Gibsony." I give the information for what it is worth.

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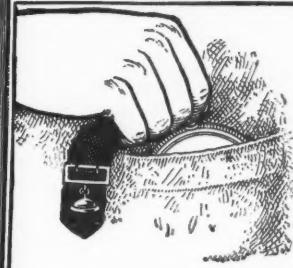
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The Question of Divorce

PERHAPS there has never been a time since men began to think when the problems of life, social, religious and political, attracted so much attention as at this, the dawn of the new century. Easily first among the problems that engage the best minds of the age is the question of divorce, but before we can speak intelligently or understand this question scientifically, we must consider what marriage is, not only from our modern American standpoint, but from a religious and civil viewpoint as well.

From whatever side we view it there can be no question but that the contract between man and woman which we call marriage, be it civil or religious, is the most important contract which human beings can make.

The eminent French writer and scientist, Émile de Landor, declares that marriage is more serious than death; death, he continues, is not even a blow, not even a pulsation, it is a pause in the work of the physical organism, the cessation of material energy. But marriage unrolls the lot of numberless generations, and upon the physical condition and mental unfoldment of the individuals assuming the marriage relation depends the weal or woe of countless human beings and the upbuilding or downfall of the social structure.

Civilization is dependent upon marriage; therefore marriage, like civilization, is subject to the law of evolution, for it contains the problem of human progress and the solution of all the problems of life.

The Evolution of Marriage

Drummond in his "Ascent of Man" declares that marriage is not a late arrival, nor is it an afterthought in the plan of creation. It did not begin with Adam and Eve, in the fabled garden of Eden, nor was it waiting through long æons of ages for the pious word of religion to render it sacred and complete. It is a part of the constitution of the eternal cosmos, the result of the electric affinity of the first cells of sex life found upon the earth. The union of male and female in mineral, plant and animal life is as great as God, as old as the universe, and as inevitable and unswerving as the law of life. From the very first moment of time it has been an eternal part of time. It is the manifestation or expression of that divine creative energy or intelligence which because of our limited knowledge we call God. It is the foundation of the world, the progress of social evolution and the scientific basis of biology. Until it is recognized as such, sociology can only beat the air, theology will continue to be a failure, orthodoxy a gigantic pretence and all reform superficial and futile.

From the earliest traces of human life upon the earth till the present hour, marriage, like civilization, has passed through every stage of evolution; from the slavery of the woman to the more congenial partnership of souls found in the relation of husband and wife. The influence of the marriage relation, therefore, is only limited by the confines of the globe, and it must of necessity be the most important problem of our complex civilization.

The agitation of the divorce question is of greater importance than is generally supposed, for it can not be considered in any light that will make secondary the all-important question of motherhood. As the altar lights of superstition grow dim the beautiful form of justice becomes discernible. Man is the builder in the material realm, woman is the builder in the spiritual realm of the higher nature. All true and enduring progress for the race must begin with the process of embryotic growth. The beautiful flower of an enlightened civilization can not ripen into perfect fruit till the burdens of legal disability, marital subjection and ecclesiastically assigned inferiority be lifted from the motherhood of the world.

The Injustice to Womanhood

The teachings of Paul in regard to marriage are responsible for the spirit which permeates the Church, pervades our laws, corrupts our thought and degrades our customs. The Church in declaring marriage a sacrament is not at one with itself, for Paul regarded and recommended marriage not as a sacrament, not as a divine institution, but as a *remedy* for those who were enslaved to the lusts of the flesh. His teachings are not edifying to his followers, and clearly emphasize the immeasurable distance between Christ the teacher and Paul the preacher.

Imitating the folly of Paul, the early fathers of the Church very logically took a degrading view of woman. Theological absurdity placed humanity under a curse, and Nature shared in the disgrace. Men diseased by a false, unlovable conception of God, having no beauty within, and therefore incapable of recognizing beauty without, shut themselves up in cells behind bare walls, crucified the flesh, stultified the laws of being, violated and set aside Nature's laws and put God's green fields and matchless handiwork away as something vile and unwholesome, because of a morbidly insane desire to propitiate an imaginary offended Deity. The convent and the monastery displaced the family because of the contempt and ascetic horror with which marriage and woman were regarded. As an offset to this contempt the Church placed the mother of Christ in the bosom of God as an intercessor for the children of men, and directed its effort toward improving the condition of women among the upper classes by placing the seal of its disapprobation upon the lax methods of the Roman men who divorced their wives upon mere whim. Divorce was prohibited and women were given a certain assurance of position, which had been lacking up to that time. Indeed, the Church claims credit for whatever advantage has come to women since Christianity began, but in claiming all they proceed on the principle that if all is claimed, much is likely to be conceded by those who have not investigated.



By Mary Elizabeth Lease

Photograph by McMichael & Gro.

Among American women Mrs. Lease is one of the leading students of political and social questions. Her principal field of political activity has been in Kansas, where, after being admitted to the bar, she conducted a vigorous and successful campaign against the late Senator Ingalls, and was the first woman to be appointed President of the State Board of Charities

Marriage is a divine, a sacred relation. It was made sacred by the God of nature, and the true marriage, where mental and spiritual meet and blend independent of the bodily relation, is binding until death and after. Neither priestly ritual nor civil authority can ratify or dissolve such a marriage. "Therefore should a man leave father and mother and cleave to his wife, and the twain shall be one flesh." They are not two but one, and "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder"; this is the marriage of which Christ speaks, a marriage as sacred, as divine, as natural, as when in the beginning God created male and female. "Male and female created He them, and the two were one"; this is the first marriage recorded, and that was some time before churches, preachers, wedding fees and finery came into fashion.

The teachings of Paul in the Epistles are not paraded in public to-day, for they would be regarded as the drivelling of a coarse and common sensualist, nevertheless they are the teachings which the Church has moulded into a doctrine and raised to the rank of a

sacrament. It is the carrying out of this Pauline doctrine that in an age of increased opportunities and fuller freedom for woman is responsible for the increasing number of applicants for divorce. And that it is the women who are sinned against and are demanding their birthright is evidenced by the statistical fact that the women outnumber the men, in the proportion of two to one, in seeking their freedom.

Men are physically positive and spiritually negative, women are physically negative and spiritually positive, hence it is dawning upon them that the devout believer in a false philosophy which severs Nature from her vital relations, can never lead humanity into higher ranges of physical development or spiritual upliftment. To be spiritual is to be in the highest degree natural.

The world is beginning to discern that ignorance is not innocence, that concealment is not purity. We have tried these methods for wellnigh two thousand years and have lamentably failed. The press should proclaim it, the Church thunder it from its altars, that no man or woman should be permitted to marry unless they are physically, mentally, physiologically and psychologically adapted to each other. It is the question of posterity which, singularly enough, the Church has overlooked.

Some Fearful Consequences

When divorce is prohibited, wives are made the unwilling mothers of mentally and morally tainted children, who are not born but damned into a world of hate and bitterness to become a burden upon society.

When love is dead between husband and wife, when the touch creates loathing and disgust, to compel them to live together is to condemn them to a living, hopeless hell. It is the children of these maimed men and women, who, filled with contention, hate and bitterness by the prenatal conditions under which they were begotten, swell the ranks of crime and fill our jails and penitentiaries. Thus the Church, whose chief and ostensible industry is to save sinners, never falls short of material upon which to expend its beneficence. Nay more, the Church or State which refuses to give freedom from unhappy and unholy marriages is a party to the crime which burdens society and blackens the world.

That clear-brained, colossal-minded statistician, Carroll D. Wright, who is cognizant of the pros and cons of the divorce discussion, and thoroughly equipped with statistics bearing upon the subject, replies in no uncertain manner to the grave charge that divorce is a menace to the purity and integrity of the family and the home. "I do believe," he says, "that our present laws in their leniency to divorce are a menace not to the family or the home, but to the infernal brutality and bestiality of whatever name, be it crude or refined, which at times makes a hell of the holiest human relation. The divorce movement finds its impetus in the rebellion of the human heart against that Church-sanctioned slavery which binds in the cruellest bonds of cruellest slavery human beings who have by their want of wisdom or through the intervention of friends missed the divine as well as the civil purpose of marriage."

In spite of the discriminations which are waged against women, because of the accident of sex, to the law more than to any other agency is due the present approximate equality of woman with man. Law is the statutory expression of public opinion. Public opinion is in favor of divorce. It declares that whatever stands in the way of a sound, healthy, happy human being is wrong and must be removed. It releases men and women from the hell to which their ignorance led them, and to which the Church condemned them without hope. The courts refuse to be a party to a moral crime. Hence, American law, with the cumulative force of multitudinous decisions and dicta, declares marriage to be a legal condition which the State can create, change or destroy. That the Church and the law are not at one, nor indeed, is the Church at one with itself on this question of divorce, is one of the most hopeful signs of the wonderful century upon which we have entered. It is proof positive that the reign of superstition is ended and an era of commonsense begun.

Identical Purpose of Marriage and Divorce

The end and purpose of marriage is the happiness of the parties and the welfare of the children; the purposes of divorce are identical with these. If marriage results in happiness, the divine as well as the civil purpose is attained; if it does not result in happiness, the divine and civil purpose has been sadly missed, and divorce more perfectly secures the purposes of that compact, which means to one or both a condition that is revolting to human nature.

The question of divorce should be settled by the parties themselves, the State interfering only to guard against injustice to the children. "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder," should be supplemented by that equally divine and equally binding law, "What God has separated by laws of Nature, let no man, priest or prophet, potentate or civilian, attempt to join or keep together." The leniency of law, by which the annulment of unwise and unhappy marriages may be obtained, is a tendency that betokens a higher morality and development for the race.

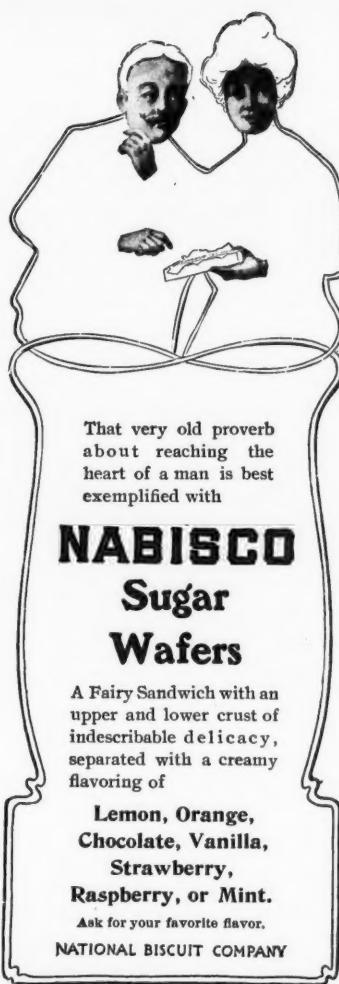
Amid the croaking of reactionary frogs it is refreshing to hear the clear, strong voice of that splendid pulpit orator, Dr. Lyman Abbott. "I do not believe," he says, "that the sacredness of the home or the integrity of the family is threatened. There was never a time and never a land where we find so many happy homes and so many happy families as in 1902 in these United States." The facilities for obtaining divorce have increased or kept pace with the advantages of widening opportunities to women: the danger lies in suppos-



The Rain-Combers

By Eugenia O. Clark

SOFTLY, o'er the meadow grass, The Silver Rain-Combs are the thing I see a nimble creature pass, To please the Lady of the Spring— With silver rain-combs in her hand, The big green World that lies in shade To coif the lady of the land. Waiting for her tiring maid.



ing that divorce from intolerable conditions gives all that the woman needs, or has the right to demand. On the contrary, it is simply the harbinger of a better day, when, freed from superstition and the perversion of the lower nature, woman shall understand and value rightly the God-given responsibilities and untold possibilities of motherhood. Then grasping the great plan and purpose of life in harmony with nature's laws, she will bring forth in the individual life a copy or image of the infinite life. The golden age lies not behind but before us.

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Odds and Ends of Table Linen

DURING the early months of the year one finds whole counters in a dry-goods store strewn with table linen remnants. The average housewife does not realize how valuable these short lengths may prove, especially as they are sold at really the vaunted "below cost." Frequently one finds a piece measuring a yard and three-quarters or two yards. This is sufficient for a cloth to be used when the family is small and no extension leaves are set into the dining-table. The housewife will find three or four cloths of this length a real economy, and the laundress will welcome them to the washtub, instead of the longer cloth. There are uses innumerable for shorter lengths. Choose the patterns with an eye to adaptation. A half-yard of some large pattern with a handsome border can often be utilized for a sideboard or bureau cover, hemstitching it lengthwise. These large patterns when they do not boast a conspicuous border may be hemstitched and make very handsome tray-cloths, carving-cloths, or damask towels for the spare room. Fringing may be used as a finish instead of hemstitching but it is neither so handsome nor so durable. The small all-over patterns can be utilized for table napkins, doilies, children's bibs, or small bread doilies. A touch of originality, recently applied to one of these remnants, transformed it into a decoration fit for the most handsomely "lined" table. This remnant, probably owing to some accident to a splendid web of damask, was the border of a tablecloth, two and a half yards long by twenty inches wide, in a most artistic lily design. The young housekeeper who bought it for a mere song hemmed the raw edge and ends so exquisitely that no hem was visible; then in white wash silks and very delicate greens she outlined the design in perfect detail, with a mere touch of pale yellow on the lily stamens. On state occasions, this splendid "runner," as the English call a decorative cloth which is long and narrow, spread the full length of the table, serves as its sole adornment.

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Here—and "There"

By Mary C. Dean

Gray clouds are scudding 'cross the sky,
Low moans the wind,
The leaves are ghosts in search of peace
They cannot find.
But ah, my soul is jubilant!
(O kiss me, sweet!)
What matter if the world be sad,
Since we can meet!

The sunbeams dance like elfin sprites;
Amid the green
Bright birds are fitting to and fro.
The nest between:
But ah, my soul is desolate!
(O throbbing heart!)
What matter if the world be glad,
Since we're apart!

□ □

Mending Small Breaks

ASmall jar, filled with plaster-of-Paris, is one of the necessities in the store-room of the careful housewife. Its uses can scarcely be enumerated. When one of those inevitable breaks in the wall occurs, a few teaspoonsfuls of plaster-of-Paris mixed with cold water and applied quickly with a palette knife will mend it beautifully. After it dries, the patch may be covered with a bit of wall-paper neatly pasted on, or by a touch of oil or water-color paint from an artist's box, mixed to match exactly the tint of the wall. Nothing proves so excellent a mending medium for broken china, marble or statuary as a tablespoonful of plaster-of-Paris blended with dissolved gum tragacanth. Use it when the mixture is about the thickness of cream. Have the edges of the china clean and dry then cover with the cement and press tightly together; wipe off the particles of paste that show, and tie. Leave for three or four days to become perfectly hard. When mouseholes appear in the pantry or kitchen, fill them full of shavings of strong laundry soap, then fill up the hole with paste made from plaster-of-Paris. For mending lamps which grow shaky in their sockets, for fastening in the chain that is so apt to leave its hole in the marble washstand, for repairing loosened tiles in the fireplace or floor, for filling tiny breaks in picture-frames or moldings—in fact, for a hundred other small household purposes, plaster-of-Paris is almost as indispensable as the family glue-pot.

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Antique Lace or Embroidered Net

By Lillian Barton Wilson

A FEW years ago one would have hesitated to suggest to American women to make lace as a pleasant occupation for leisure hours. Few would have undertaken it as a means of livelihood, both because they would have been lacking in the necessary training and because it would have seemed to them presumptuous. These reasons are perhaps one, for certain it is that all subjects seem interesting and approachable when we know something about them.

Most women have a feeling of respect for "real lace," and this amounts to one of almost reverence in a woman of cultivated taste, for there is no work of human hands which embodies more of the qualities of patience, perseverance and skill than lace-making.

We have been gradually learning to make lace in the last few years. The braid laces have been our education. The braids have taken the place of that part which means so much in eyesight and application to the work. This solid portion being supplied us, we have fastened it together with the real lace stitches, and thus we have come to know what binding, weaving, point de Venise, point de festoon, etc., mean as applied to lace. Perhaps we will never attempt the fine laces, but there are others of great beauty, yet not too taxing to do, which with our education in Battenberg lace and the like we ought to be ready to attempt. These are the so-called antique laces here illustrated. A study of this beautiful pattern should be an inspiration. There are imitations of this lace done for curtains, etc., but these are very coarse. Squares like this were designed for a bed-spread, an immense piece of work, but we can use them in a much more economical way. Four joined together make a beautiful centerpiece. The edge may be finished with fine Cluny or linen thread lace, though this is by no means necessary, for the straight edge

is artistic when the work is so elaborate; a further finish seems to detract from the embroidery. Since velvet and other upholstered chairs must be protected to a certain extent, nothing could be richer in effect than these laces laid over the backs and arms. The squares are also very pretty to lay on the polished surfaces of cabinets and tables, which brie-a-brac would be likely to scratch. They are very dainty on the polished dining-table when no cloth is used.

This lace is not beyond the skill of an amateur. In the first place, the ground is done by netting. This is an old-fashioned kind of fancy work, which, if one does not know, she can learn from her grandmother or from the friend who makes tennis nets and hammocks. The shuttle-like needle, a slender, round stick and a ball of linen thread are all that is necessary. The square foundation is made from one corner—that is, a triangle is made by widening until the hypothesis is the length of the diagonal of the required square, then narrow until the corner diagonally opposite the one where the work was commenced is reached. This square should now be laced into one of the small iron frames made for the purpose. The ground is now ready for the embroidery upon it, for this lace is in fact an embroidered net.

The beautiful square here given is so completely embroidered that the original ground can hardly be seen. The solid work on this doily is darned. To do this, place stitches in one direction from side of the bars and darn in and out. In this work the point d'esprit is used elaborately. This is simple to do and covers the net ground with a most dainty mesh. The border stars are point de festoon, another application of buttonhole stitch. This lace making is not taxing, and the results will certainly repay the time and patience expended in learning the methods.



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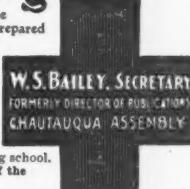
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omist Cabinet were branded as traitors to the cause of Cuba Libre.

Had President Palma followed his inclination, these men would have composed his first Cabinet. But Cuba's Chief Executive knows his people, and he recognized the necessity for yielding to political pressure. All of his appointments were believed to be distasteful to him, solely dictated by political expediency. With one exception—Palma's brother-in-law, General Rius Rivera, was placed at the head of the customs service, sole source of revenue to the Cuban Government.

Autonomists to Rule

As the progress of time has enabled the incompetents to demonstrate their unfitness for office, President Palma has unostentatiously but persistently gone about his task of preparing the public mind for the inevitable, and he has won success. The "Autonomists" are coming out of their retirement and taking up their burdens, and their assistance will from now on be in evidence. Which is eminently satisfactory to Cuba's well-wishers, as these gentlemen are almost the only native Cubans with any property interests; they are intelligent and conservative; they are the only native Cubans with any administrative experience; they are the only Cubans in whom the Spanish merchants have any confidence. And the Spaniard controls the political situation in Cuba to-day as absolutely as he ever did. Ninety per cent of Cuba's commerce is handled by native Spaniards: quietly they have been awaiting the proper moment for using pressure, and quietly they have been bringing that pressure to bear. Within the last few months, the Spanish element has succeeded in impressing the Cuban populace with its determination to secure the protection it desires through the men whom it trusts. It will go further, and insist that the Cuban Congress ratify without delay the reciprocity treaty to which President Palma has affixed his signature. Should there be any hesitancy about acceding to their wishes, they will immediately stop all importation.

An American Protectorate

In conclusion: a reciprocity treaty will undoubtedly benefit Cuba; it will ensure greater profit to her producers, and it will inspire Americans with greater confidence in her security as a field for investment. But such a treaty is not essential to her welfare; her soil and climatic advantages are such that, combined with her proximity to American markets, they enable her to profitably sell her products at prices that would be ruinous to the American farmer. And as to protection, careful perusal of the Platt Amendment will show that the Federal Government has greater authority over Cuba than over any State in the Union.

■ ■

Criticism

By Madeline Bridges

"What do you think of my blank verse?"
The poet asked. "Be frank."
The critic said: "I never curse,
But—I think it's blankety-blank."

■ ■

The Lion's Mouth

THE LION'S MOUTH offers monthly prizes, aggregating in value \$329.00, with opportunities for cumulative winnings, the greatest of which amounts to \$1,000 in cash for the best twenty sets of answers to the questions printed below. The story of THE LION'S MOUTH is told on page 3 of this number, but much more may be learned from THE LION'S MOUTH booklet, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 4 cents. These are the ten questions:

- Which of the five numbers published in January do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
- Which article in these five numbers do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
- Which story do you like best, and which do you like least, and why; and are you reading the serial?
- Which drawing (this includes the cover) do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
- Which photograph, or series of photographs, do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
- Which department in COLLIER'S WEEKLY do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
- Which feature of the Household Number do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
- What feature of THE LION'S MOUTH, if any, is not to your liking?
- What suggestion can you make that, in your opinion, will improve COLLIER'S WEEKLY?
- What publication, apart from COLLIER'S WEEKLY, do you like best, and why?

Address your request for booklet to THE LION'S MOUTH, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS

NEW YORK: 416-424 West Thirteenth Street

LONDON: 34 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C.

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NEW YORK : JANUARY 24, 1903

Vol XXX No 17 : : : : \$5.20 per Year



South America and Her Treasures

By JACK ST. ARMONT

SO MUCH interest has been generated of late by the little war cloud which has risen over Venezuela, that the appetite has been whetted for brain food upon the subject of that richest of all countries.

It must be remembered that the population of the country is only about 2,750,000, centred largely about the towns on the coast of the Caribbean Sea on the north borders of the Republic, while the vast interior and southern portion is occupied by a semi-civilized Indian-Portuguese engaged in the gathering of rubber and the Venezuelan cacao, from which comes a large part of our chocolate and of our coconuts, which is of a uniformly superior grade.

The valley of the upper Amazon and its confluent, the Rio Negro and Casiquiare, produce the first grade of rubber, called Para, on account of shipments being made through the Port of Para at the mouth of the Amazon, in Brazil, for the past sixty years. The forests in the lower Amazon have been so devastated during the past ten years through ruthless tapping and bleeding the tree of all its sap, that the rubber centre of the world is now Manaos, on the Amazon, where the Rio Negro empties into it, and the largest standing body of rubber forest in the world is now located on the Rio Casiquiare, a river 175 miles in length, which connects the Rio Orinoco and the Rio



A JUNGLE HOME



A TRIBUTARY OF THE CASIQUARE

Negro. The forests on this river contain millions of trees fifteen years old and over, and now is the beginning of their richest bearing. The phenomenal growth of the rubber trade has operated to create a popular interest in the Valley of the Amazon, and will lead to a rapid development of its wonderful resources.

There are few undertakings in which a man might engage with greater certainty of enormous and steady profits, than the gathering of rubber on a strictly certified basis. There was used in the United States alone, in 1902, 60,000,000 pounds of rubber, and shipped from the ports of Manaos and Para last year \$50,000,000 worth of the product—the fame of no other product has made such an impression on the world as Para Rubber. The character of this rubber stands pre-eminent, and it is questionable whether this pre-eminence can ever be wrested from her.

Some two hundred years ago scientific men of India, given to research and investigation, discovered a process for producing a commercial commodity from the cream rising to the top of milk from the rubber tree, and the name India Rub-

ber still clings. Since the genius of Goodyear found a thousand different uses for this rubber, its wonderful commercial value has steadily increased in the number of uses and values. Clothing, boots and shoes, belting, dams for dentists' use, and hundreds of useful articles are made from the soft vulcanized product, while from the hard or vulcanite is made, buttons, harness trimmings, ink-wells, panels for doors, stationery, penholders and innumerable other uses. Elastic in millions of yards, hot-water bottles, steam and water hose are articles of daily and hourly use, while the insulation of electric wiring and appliances has made possible the common use of that great mysterious power, electricity.

Were the new Pacific Cable to be built this year it would take all the visible supply in the United States to-day for insulation. Chroniclers write of this as the electrical age, but historians will write of it as the "rubber age."

For nearly 1,000 miles up the Amazon and the Negro, the country lying tributary holds untold possibilities, which only await the advent of the trading post, conducted on a fairly honest basis, to develop its wonderful wealth. It is the purpose of the Para Rubber Plantation Company to trade with the natives far into the interior, and to that end will send its factors with great stores of merchandise into these regions, where they will be welcomed as benefactors. They will be in a position to barter for the products of the rubber forest and the treasures

trove of this vast storehouse of nature. Operating their own boats, the transportation problem is solved, and the profits possible in this business are limitless. The management of the Company's affairs in the interior is in the most competent hands. Their chief, Mr. Kenneth Rose, has been for years a resident of this country and is a thorough business man and trader. His headquarters are located at the main station of the Company at San Carlos, at the mouth of the Rio Casiquiare, where it joins the Rio Negro. Under Mr. Rose is a corps of efficient men, several of whom could fill his position should the necessity arise, so that by no known possibility could the business suffer through lack of men thoroughly trained for this peculiar work. Every detail has been so carefully worked out and so well systematized as to give ample assurance of absolutely trustworthy and efficient handling of affairs at that end of the line.

It is desired to call the attention of the thoughtful reader of COLLIER'S WEEKLY to the unprecedented opportunity offered to the person of small or large means, and in every walk of life, to so invest his earnings or surplus capital as to insure an income for years to come, and one which will steadily increase year by year, giving a competency for old age, better than life insurance or any other form of assets to be left to the loved ones, a security as stable as a Government bond. The Capital Stock of the Company is divided into 500,000 shares

of Common Stock, having a par value of \$10 per share, at which price it is offered to the public, and for a short time only. There is but one kind of stock; a fortune has already been expended in acquiring the property and establishing trading stations and transportation equipment, and the public is invited into an established business already earning large returns, their money to be used for further developments. It is figured that each tree will produce five pounds of rubber every season, which costs, packed for export, 35 cents per pound, and sells for 90 cents per pound in New York to-day. Two thousand laborers will earn a six per cent dividend upon the entire capital stock, and when it is considered that it will require the 40,000 laborers available to gather the entire crop each season, the figures exceed comprehension. Besides the profit on the rubber one must figure at least 50 per cent net, made on the merchandise traded for the commodity, and the extraordinary profit realized from the trading posts up the river. With this great earning capacity, the selling price of the stock is bound to rapidly increase as soon as the entire project is in full working shape. If 2,000 laborers can earn a six per cent dividend, it takes but a moment's calculation to figure the earnings possible when 40,000 are employed.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY has paid millions of dollars in divi-

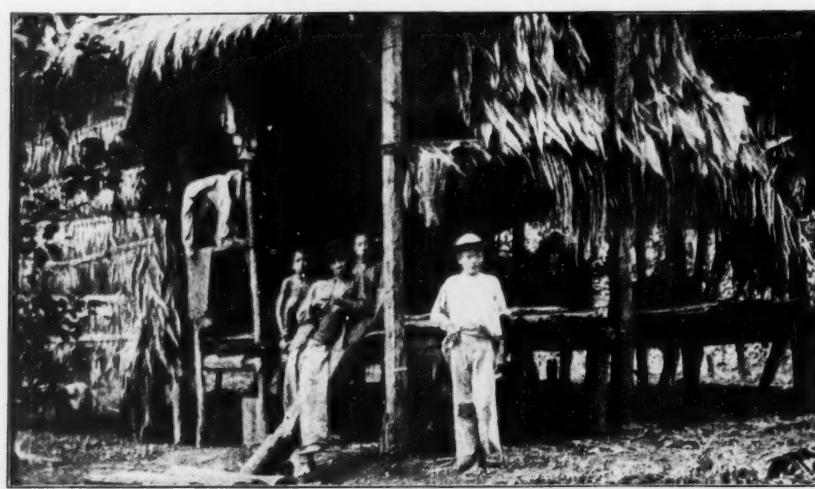


PADRE'S MISSION

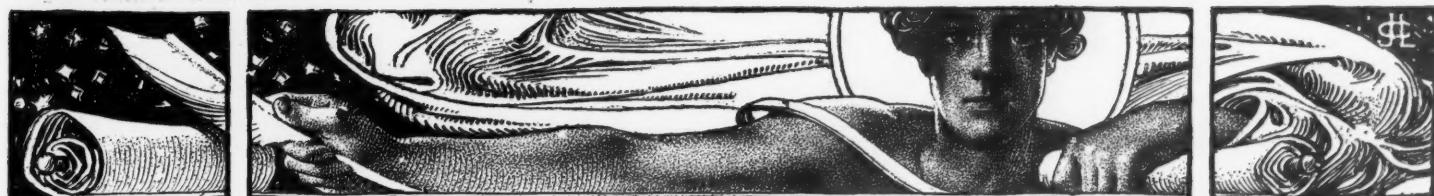
dends to its stockholders, and its stock to-day is worth four thousand for one, and none for sale. They traded with the fur hunters; this Company trades with the rubber hunters. Why should not this stock be worth as much as the Hudson's Bay Company, eventually, as the uses for rubber are constantly increasing? As the fur-bearing animals decreased, so is the wild rubber-bearing tree decreasing in number throughout the world. Tapping the wild trees, under competent overseers, and cared for as this Company will care for them, perpetuates the industry for all time, and is the only way by which this most valuable commodity can be conserved.

An illustrated booklet treating on this subject, and all desired information, will be furnished upon application to

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YOUNG GATHERERS OF RUBBER



MEN AND DOINGS : A Paragraphic Record of the World's News

KING ALFONSO is the last recruit to join the ranks of rulers who have narrowly escaped the assassin's bullet. Feito, a would-be murderer of Spain's young monarch, discharged a pistol at the royal party as the court was returning from the customary Saturday afternoon attendance at divine worship—a ceremonial conducted with all the pomp and dignity of a royal procession—escorted by mounted detachments of the royal bodyguard, the most splendid in all Europe. The little king owes his escape to the fact that the agitated assassin failed to observe proper care in locating the royal target. Feito asserted, however, after his apprehension, that he had no intention of attempting the King's life, but that he desired, for some reason known to himself, to kill the Duc de Sotomayor, the Grand Chamberlain. The man, as usual, is supposed to be insane. Whether anarchy or insanity be the impelling motive, the lives of the great of Castile are equally imperilled, and Spain's young ruler in particular would seem to be threatened by both. Rumors have been current for the past month of anarchists' plots against his life. The police have been forced in consequence to adopt most stringent

precautionary measures. It was owing to their restrictions that Alfonso XIII. was not present at the funeral of Sagasta, the late Minister. That these murderous attempts are not approved, at least publicly, by the rank and file of his subjects, was shown by the uproarious ovation accorded the King after his narrow escape. The populace followed the royal cortège as it proceeded slowly to the Palace, cheering wildly for their ruler. Still more stringent measures to prevent a recurrence of the attempt and to insure the safety of the sovereign have been adopted.

THE PLAGUE IN MEXICO, which broke out early this month, presents a most serious aspect. Its marked tendency to spread at its early stage and the deaths already reported, prove its malignancy. The health authorities, in establishing quarantine at the ports and the protective cordons, have been greatly hampered by the ignorance of the people and their dread of medical supervision. The houses of the victims of the plague and even of the suspects, were burned to the ground as a precautionary measure against contagion. A Charity Commission was organized to look out for these cases and to insure the proper disinfecting of Mazatlan and other infected towns. It has sent appeals all over the country for funds. Shipmasters are coining money from Americans fleeing from the pest-ridden land. Four thousand dollars was paid for the chartering of one mail steamer.

CARNEGIE LIBRARIES ARE BOOMING in the East. According to the philanthropic ironmaster's own tally, there are seven hundred and thirty now extant and some eight hundred more to come—if any limit can be fixed. While the Quaker City was shying suspiciously at Mr. Carnegie's offer of \$1,500,000 (under the usual conditions) the philanthropist placidly proceeded from New York, where one library has just been christened, to Washington, where another was about to be dedicated. President Roosevelt, as a bookmaker himself, believes in libraries. He attended the ceremony on January 7 and told Mr. Carnegie so, and assured him in one sentence that he had come because he felt that "the movement for securing better facilities for self-training, better facilities for education in its widest and broadest and deepest sense, is one of such prime importance that the President of the United States could nowhere more properly come than to this building to express thanks for the gifts given to the people of the National Capital." (The tautology is undoubtedly chargeable to the stenographer.) One of the most curious of the Carnegie Libraries in America, by the way, is that completed last year at Tuskegee, Ala. Mr. Carnegie gave \$20,000 to Booker Washington's Normal School for Negroes toward a new library.

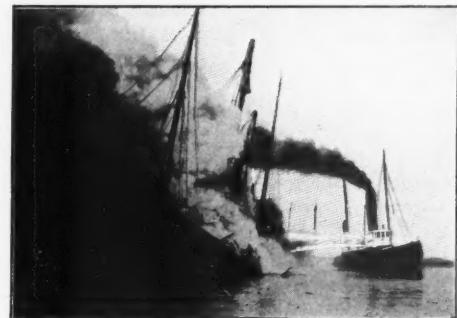


The New Carnegie Library at Washington

This library is not an impressive structure, but it is impressive to know that the negro students drew the plans, dug the foundations, made the bricks and laid

them, did the carpentry work and finishing, put on the roof, installed the electric fixtures and steam-heating apparatus, and even made the library and reading-room furniture. The Tuskegee school is growing. If "de big, lil' book man in de checker clo'es" can't coax Philadelphia to take that \$1,500,000, why not divert a portion Southward?

THE LOSS OF THE PROGRESSO, the widely heralded oil-burning steamer, destroyed by explosion and fire at San Francisco last month, will prove a serious blow to the theory that oil can be successfully and economically substituted for coal on ocean liners and naval vessels. The experiment has been watched with the greatest interest by the maritime world. Immense saving of expense in fuel, storage space and stokers was expected when the *Progresso* should have her oil-burning boilers in operation. This was hailed as the first step of a general movement to substitute oil as a steam-producer in place of coal. The *Progresso* was lying at the wharf of the Fulton Iron Works at Harbor View when the explosion occurred, wiping out \$200,000 worth of property



Sinking of the Oil-Burning Steamer "Progresso"

and killing or injuring a score of men. There were fourteen oil tanks on board, containing in all about four hundred barrels of fuel oil. The destruction of the ship was complete. After the explosion, the steamer broke in two and sank under the weight of the vast quantities of water that were thrown into her. What remained of her was practically but a mass of molten scrap iron. Six months ago the *Progresso*, formerly a transport and collier of three thousand tons capacity, was withdrawn from traffic to be converted into an oil-burning tank ship for service between Texas and Northern Atlantic ports.

THE DISPUTE OVER CHURCH LANDS in Porto Rico is in process of settlement. Some time ago the Vatican made a claim on the Government of the



Archbishop Chapelle Landing at San Juan, Porto Rico

United States for lands in the island formerly held by the Catholic Church. It was suggested that proper officials be appointed and the matter be amicably adjusted, as was attempted in the case of the Friar Lands in the Philippines, concerning which Governor Taft took a trip to Rome. Archbishop Chapelle of New Orleans, who was recently appointed Apostolic Delegate to Cuba and the West Indies generally, was despatched to Porto Rico to see what could be done about clearing up the titles of the disputed property. The Archbishop arrived at San Juan Sunday afternoon, December 28, on the Spanish steamer *Leon XIII.*, and was welcomed by the whole available population. When the steamer came into the harbor and naval launches brought the party ashore, Marina was jammed with joyful caballeros, Americanos, and citizens black and brown, and their Sunday fiestas were abandoned. In responding to Bishop Blenk's speech of welcome, the Archbishop said many polite things about the American Government's promise to do justice to the Catholic Church in this land question and all other matters. The accompanying photograph, showing the

procession headed by Archbishop Chapelle and Bishop Blenk about to start from the steamer landing for the Cathedral, was taken by a correspondent of *COLLIER'S WEEKLY*.

TORPEDO BOATS are the *bêtes noires* of naval men and statesmen who are intent on augmenting the new American navy with the more spectacular battleships and cruisers. It is nevertheless whispered in

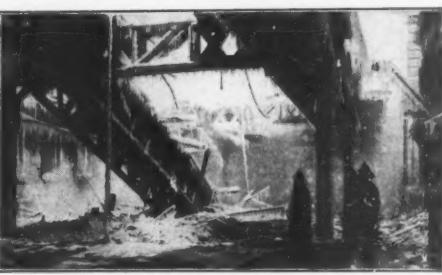


The Torpedo Boat "Protector" on her Trial Trip

naval circles that the sudden termination of the West Indian manœuvres is attributable in some measure to the effective showing of the torpedo flotilla. But the day of the submarine boat has arrived. The latest addition to the detested under-water sea-fighters is the *Protector*, recently launched and sent on her trial trip from the yards of the Bridgeport (Conn.) Torpedo Boat Company. The *Protector* is a wicked-looking little war machine, sixty-five feet long, and cigar-shaped in form in the main hull, which is hidden by a ship-shaped superstructure. Amidships of the superstructure is the conning tower covered by an armored sighting hood. The new boat will be a boon for the men who are detailed for duty in the navy's detested "tin-tube sinkers," for the crew will have a much larger living space than is found in the torpedo boats now in commission. The *Protector* is equipped with both gasoline and electric motors. The former is available during short "duck dives," and the latter for more extended trips under water.

THE DEATH ROLL OF 1902 was a heavy one of those set upon the high places of the world, but who had passed the danger line of the mortality statistician. 1902 starts out with promise of a grim record, too. Among the first deaths of this year was that of General Samuel Thomas, at New York, January 11. For many years General Thomas was prominent among the railroad organizers and financiers of the country. Genial, fair-minded and charitable, he had a host of friends who regret his passing. He was born in 1840; served in the Civil War and took part in the famous March to the Sea. After the war was over he held various government positions during the period of reconstruction in the South. He subsequently engaged extensively in the railroad business, and became identified with some score or more of transportation companies and industrial concerns. He was prominent in club circles, and was at one time a member of the New York Stock Exchange. His death was not unexpected, and came after a long illness. General Thomas leaves a widow, two sons and a daughter.

NEW YORK'S ELEVATED ROADS have had an unprecedented run of hard luck. Since winter set in the management has had to contend with the wrath of the citizens and the war of the elements. To put the tassel on the cap of the climax, the Fire Department is now after the reviled "L." A disastrous fire, entailing \$1,000,000 loss, occurred on the morning of January 12, in a large leather belting factory situated on the East Side, near the Second Avenue road. The water falling over the elevated structure covered the rails with ice, and the natural conductor thus formed conveyed the current to the handrails, which were also ice-coated. In consequence many of the firemen, including the Chief of the Department, narrowly escaped informal electrocution, some of the men being temporarily disabled and saved from death only by their rubber suits and boots. Over a hundred firemen were on the elevated structure when the chief shouted a warning. An instant later the wall fell and a portion of the structure was precipitated to the street by tons of masonry. The doomed fire tower, frozen to the ground



The Second Avenue "L" after the big Fire

and battling alone with the flames, was also demolished by the falling wall. "The old girl died with her boots on," was the mournful remark of one of her crew.

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An Object Lesson In a Restaurant

A physician puts the query: "Have you never noticed in any large restaurant at lunch or dinner time the large number of hearty, vigorous old men at the tables; men whose ages run from 60 to 80 years; many of them bald and all perhaps gray, but none of them feeble or senile?"

Perhaps the spectacle is so common as to have escaped your observation or comment, but nevertheless it is an object lesson which means something.

If you will notice what these hearty old fellows are eating you will observe that they are not munching bran crackers nor gingerly picking their way through the menu card of new-fangled health foods; on the contrary they seem to prefer a juicy roast of beef, a properly turned loin of mutton, and even the deadly broiled lobster is not altogether ignored.

The point of all this is that a vigorous old age depends upon good digestion and plenty of wholesome food and not upon dieting and an endeavor to live upon bran crackers.

There is a certain class of food cranks who seem to believe that meat, coffee and many other good things are rank poisons, but these cadaverous, sickly looking individuals are a walking condemnation of their own theories.

The matter in a nutshell is that if the stomach secretes the natural digestive juices in sufficient quantity any wholesome food will be promptly digested; if the stomach does not do so, and certain foods cause distress one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal will remove all difficulty because they supply just what every weak stomach lacks: pepsin, hydrochloric acid, diastase and nux.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets do not act upon the bowels and, in fact, are not strictly a medicine as they act almost entirely upon the food eaten, digesting it thoroughly and thus gives a much needed rest and giving an appetite for the next meal.

Of people who travel nine out of ten use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, knowing them to be perfectly safe to use at any time, and also having found out by experience that they are a safeguard against indigestion in any form, and eating as they have to, at all hours and all kinds of food, the travelling public for years have pinned their faith to Stuart's Tablets.

All druggists sell them at 50 cents for full-sized packages and any druggist from Maine to California, if his opinion were asked, will say that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is the most popular and successful remedy for any stomach trouble.



Questions and Answers

Questions on any subject may be sent to this department, and the answers will be published at the earliest possible date after receipt. All communications should be addressed: "Questions and Answers" Department, Collier's Weekly, New York City. No reply by mail.

N. H. D.—No, it will not bleach the hair, and it should be used until the desired effect has been obtained.

An Akronian.—See answer to Louise (No. 2). By keeping up this treatment for some time you may eventually get rid of it, but it is a tiresome thing to cure and has often baffled the best physicians.

Mrs. L. G. B.—The other stories you inquire about have not yet been published. They will appear in *COLLIER'S* later in the year. If you are not a subscriber, send us your name and address and we will be glad to tell you of many things that will interest you and induce you to have your name placed on our subscription list.

A Weekly Subscriber.—The following is an excellent remedy: Two drams of cocoanut oil, two drams of lanoline and one ounce of vaseline. This should be rubbed in two or three times a day, or night and morning. Be careful not to let this preparation touch any other part of the face, as it promotes the growth of superfluous hair.

G. W. G.—The smoking carried to excess may probably have a great deal to do with it. Leave off for a month and if there is the least appreciable difference it is undoubtedly the cause. It may, however, arise from indigestion. In this case attend carefully to diet, rest awhile after eating and avoid all rich and indigestible food.

G. P. M.—Have it cut and singed once a month, and wash every two weeks in egg shampoo. Brushing at night is also good. The best plan is to take a strand of hair, brush it thoroughly, and then take another. In this way not only the hair but the whole scalp gets enough friction to stimulate it. Use the lotion recommended to Hello.

Subscriber (Iowa).—(1) See answer to Louise. (2) Get one dram of flour of sulphur, one dram of glycerine and two ounces of chalk-water. Mix well and paint on night and morning. (3) Massage with the finger-tips upward; do this daily, and once a week rub in a little castor oil. The unpleasant smell can be taken off by using a little eau-de-cologne afterward.

B. C. M.—Wash the skin first with a solution of borax in warm water; then take a little common kitchen soda, crush it into a fine powder, and after moistening it apply to the skin at bedtime, wrapping a soft cloth over it. This done frequently for a few weeks will have the desired effect, and a constant continuance of this treatment will keep them away altogether.

Tom.—(1) Apply an ointment composed of one dram of iodoform and one ounce of boracic ointment, and at the same time take a pill three times a day containing one grain of sulphide of calcium. Be sure to go to a reliable drug store for this, as it is very important that the sulphide of calcium should be perfectly fresh, and prepared in a pill impervious to the air. Take plenty of out-of-door exercise, and eat fruit and fresh vegetables. (2) Yes, extremely bad.

Hello.—The causes of loss of hair are so exceedingly numerous and differ so much that it is impossible to tell the exact cause without seeing it. The following is an excellent stimulating lotion: Six drams of tincture of cantharides, three drams of liquor of ammonia, four drams of spirits of rosemary, four drams of oil of almonds, and enough soft water to make six ounces. This must be well mixed and rubbed into the scalp daily. Should this make the hair too greasy, leave out the oil of almonds.

Louise.—(1) Try taking a course of gymnastics either in some school or at home. Diet carefully and avoid all fattening foods. Take a good long walk twice a day, and do not sit or lie about. (2) For the other trouble, wash the face in hot water, and use an ointment composed of twenty grains of sublimed sulphur, and four drams of cold cream and vaseline in equal parts. Apply at night and wash off in the morning with warm water in which a small piece of common soda has been dissolved. Dust over with a little pure talcum powder.

E. P. E.—The best plan is to take a good nourishing diet, moderate exercise and lead an easy, comfortable life as far as possible. Take plenty of good beefsteaks, cereals, poultry, good strong soups, eggs, milk, potatoes and brown bread. Use light dumb-bells morning and evening and take a good course of gymnastics. If unable to enter a class obtain some directions for exercising at home and follow out the instructions given. You are a good average height and size, and if you are also in good health there is no need to be at all uneasy.

Forest City.—We do not analyze prescriptions, but from your description the following will answer your purpose, and is very similar to your own: Forty grains of sulphate of quinine, four drams of fluid extract of jaborandi, two drams of glycerine, two drams of tincture of nux vomica, and enough bay rum to make eight ounces. Should this be a little too drying for your hair, add one ounce of castor oil. Rub this in for three or four weeks, and let us know the result. This

is also an old and valuable recipe, and a very good one for stimulating and strengthening the hair.

Nancy Brown.—The tenth anniversary of a wedding is called the tin wedding, and if you wish a real jolly celebration you might make it a kitchen affair, serving a good old-fashioned supper on a red and white tablecloth with all the tin dishes possible in evidence. Baked beans and brown bread, fishballs, pancakes, corned beef hash, waffles and maple syrup, raised cake, doughnuts, coffee and cider are a good list of country victuals to choose from. If your guests could come in old-time costumes, it would add much to the jollity of the occasion. An old fiddler might fill the rôle of an orchestra, and the dance programme open with a Virginia reel.

Miss Valentine.—Nothing in games would be so appropriate for a valentine party as hearts. The game may be made progressive. Provide tally cards decorated with hearts pierced by arrows and with "St. Valentine" in one corner. Have red heart-shaped counters gummed on the back for the winners at each table. All sorts of heart-shaped knick-knacks may be used for prizes, candy boxes, stickpins, pincushions, pin trays or blotters. Decorate the supper table with hearts cut from red paper. Have the sandwiches cut heart-shaped, the cakelets baked heart-shaped, and if you have one important center cake press into the moist frosting heart candies, which can be found in any store, bearing all sorts of sentimental messages.

E. C. E.—(1) Friction to the scalp with the tips of the fingers is a good thing if done gently and not too often. It increases the circulation in the scalp and the vigor of the hair bulbs. If the head is very dry, you might use this ointment: Take ten grains of hydrochlorate of quinine, ten grains of resorcin, four drams of lanoline and four drams of vaseline. Mix these ingredients well together and rub into the scalp at night. In the morning, wash off with the following lotion: One teaspoonful of powdered borax, half a teaspoonful of common salt, one ounce of spirits of rosemary, and enough rose-water to make eight ounces. (2) Massage gently in a circular direction night and morning, and rub in a little pure castor oil.

F. K. (Virginia).—(1) Apply the following ointment to the skin at night, and wash off in the morning with as hot water as can be borne: Fifteen grains of gallic acid, two drams of liquid extract of Canadian pine, thirteen minimis of sandal oil and six drams of lanoline. Use every other night for three weeks. (2) Paint with aromatic vinegar applied on a bone knitting-needle. Try this for two weeks, and if not effectual then apply lunar caustic. Before applying any corrosive remedy, the surrounding skin should be covered with spermaceti or soft wax, otherwise some extremely bad burns may be caused. (3) Two drams of prepared calamine, four drams of hazeline, two drams of oxide of zinc, and enough rose-water to make six ounces makes a very soothing lotion and will have the effect you desire. Sponge the face and hands with this two or three times a day and allow to dry in.

A Grateful Reader of Collier's Weekly.—In many lead works the men are given treacle or syrup beer, acidulated with sulphuric acid. Take fifteen pounds of treacle or syrup, half a pound of bruised ginger, twelve gallons of water, one quart of yeast, two ounces of bicarbonate of soda, and one and a half ounces (by weight) of sulphuric acid. The ginger should be boiled in two gallons of the water, then the syrup and remainder of the water (hot) should be added, and the whole put into a barrel with the yeast. When fermentation has nearly ceased, the sulphuric acid, mixed with eight times its weight of water, should be put in, and lastly the soda, dissolved in a quart of water. After standing a few days it is fit for use. A more simple remedy is to take fifteen drops of aromatic sulphuric acid in a little water three or four times a day. Always wash the hands and face before meals, brush the hair and rinse out the mouth.

Mary T. (Oregon).—(1) A very simple remedy is to wet the hair with eau-de-cologne just before curling it, taking care that the curling-irons are not too hot, and that the hair is quite damp at the time. Leave the curls for quite ten minutes before combing out, and then fluff up. The best way to thicken the hair is to attend to it carefully in every way. Shampoo it once a month with egg shampoo, have the ends cut and singed, and never brush or comb it roughly, which not only breaks the hair but injures it in many other ways. (2) Take twenty drops of liquid ammonia, one dram of ether and one ounce of soft soap. Mix thoroughly and keep in a stoppered bottle. Bathe a small portion of the skin with hot water, then take a little of the mixture on the ball of the thumb, rub it well into the skin, and leave it for two or three moments, after which bathe it off, dry the skin, and go on to another portion. This treatment must be persevered in for some time.

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